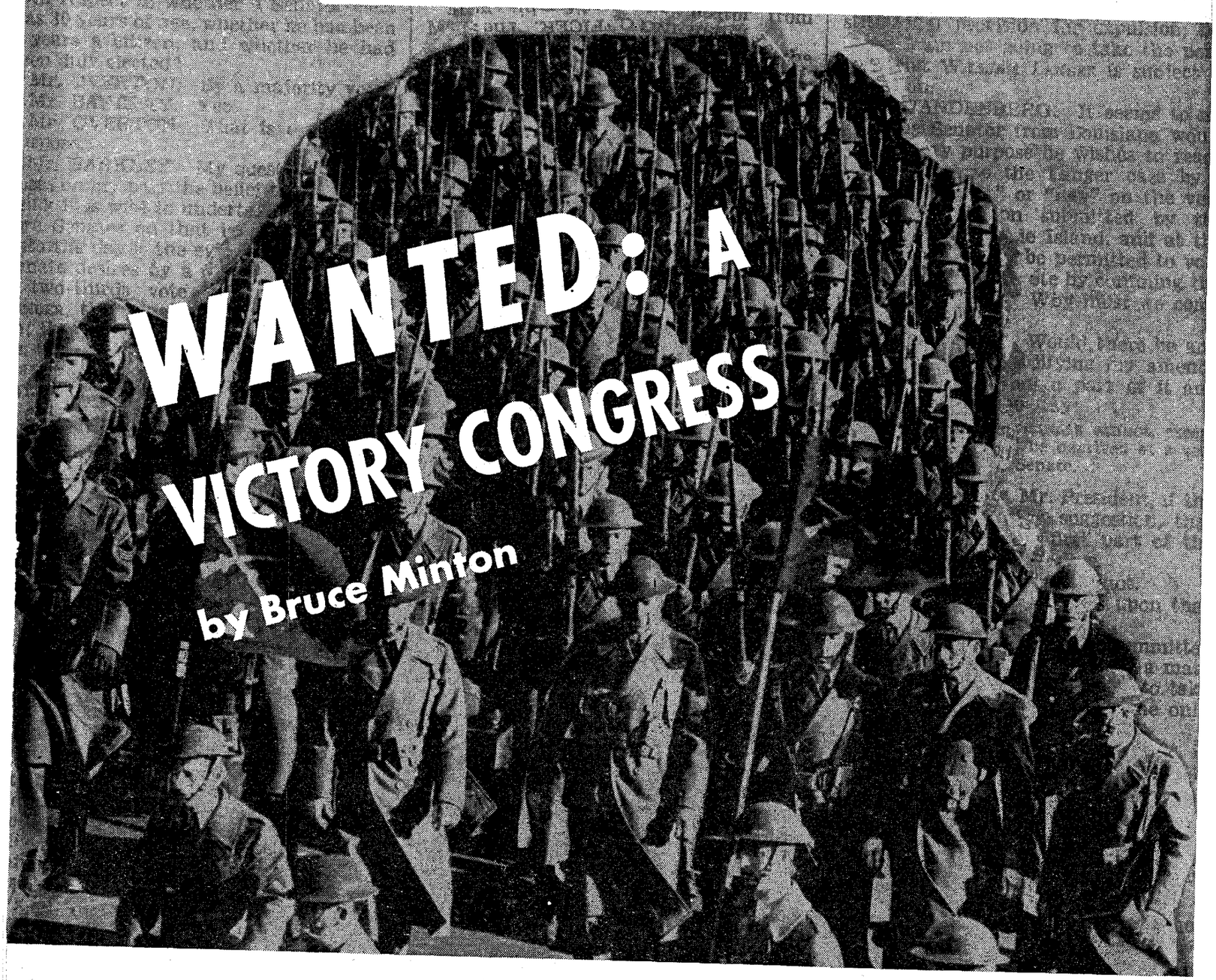
The Red Army's New Tactics

A Military Analysis by Colonel T.

NEW MASSES

JUNE 9, 1942 15c IN CANADA 20c



WANTED: A VICTORY CONGRESS

by Bruce Minton

In This Issue: *Mr. Biddle's Bombshell, by Abraham Unger; Can Air Raids Take the Place of a Western Front? by Major Milton Wolff; Behind Britain's Labor Party Meeting, by Claude Cockburn; Tank Attack, by I. Polyakov.*

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Between Ourselves

It's just two weeks since NM's Western Front issue appeared but we've received sizable indications of the reception it got. Perhaps the most striking angle of that reception is the enormous interest in the very subject of a Western Front. Don't ever let anyone tell you that the majority of people feel this matter is strictly up to the military and a layman should stay out of it. We never thought that was so and now we are more than ever convinced it isn't. In all the letters we've received and the comments we've heard since the issue came out, there hasn't been an intimation of such an attitude. On the contrary. Our correspondents not only discuss the material in the issue but they make suggestions of their own looking toward a second front, showing they have given the matter a great deal of thought. Moreover, a large number of them state that this is the first issue of NM they have read—so they didn't approach the subject with any of our previous material in mind.

The letters and comment proved something still more important: that in addition to thinking and talking a great deal about the Western Front, these people want particularly to *do* something about it. They agree with the suggestion we made, that they write the President and their congressmen; but this, they feel, isn't enough. Nor is it enough to discuss ways and means with one's family and friends. Discussion, however, is extremely important—but on as wide a scale as possible: in group meetings, study circles, and particularly in trade unions. Action in the form of resolutions, letters to Congress and the President, etc., will naturally flow from a full understanding of the necessity and means for opening a second front to win the war in 1942.

"Thank you especially," writes a Boston reader, "for putting together such a lot of data on this topic and publishing it all in one issue. I read everything I can find on the subject but find it hard to keep the facts and opinions together in my memory. This copy of NM is a reference source that I've wanted for a long time." Several correspondents have expressed the same appreciation—which makes us feel justified in having devoted all but a very few pages of the issue to its main theme. In fact, not even in previous "special issues" have we used so much of the magazine for one particular topic. Even so, we were unable to include as much material as we would have liked. In this issue we continue the discussion with an article by Maj. Milton Wolff, a commander in the Spanish republican army. In the next issue Gen. Hidalgo de Cisneros, chief of the Spanish republican air force, gives his views on the opening of a second front. And in subsequent issues we will take up other questions.

Besides the features in the special issue which received particular praise from readers, are—we quote—"the fine, balanced tone of the discussion, with the total clarity of the evidence for a second front"; the "unusually excellent appearance of the issue—photographs, maps, and so on"; and the interviews with and articles by authorities like Maj. George Fielding Eliot, Maj.-Gen. Stephen O. Fuqua, Lt.-Col. W. F. Kernan, and Colonel T. We are also pleased to report that the issue has sold very well. There were numerous orders for ten or more copies at ten cents apiece, in accordance with our special offer. That offer still holds, although the supply is rapidly reaching the "limited" point.

BETWEEN special issues, we turn our attention to special articles. One such, we feel, is an account of what the "new order" means to Nazi-occupied countries in terms of economic devastation. The authors of this piece, which is scheduled for early publication, are Jurgen Kuczynski, the well known European statistician, and M. Witt. Also to be published soon is a short story by Lillian Gilkes, dealing with the sharecropper region of the South. This story is in reality an excerpt from a novel not yet published, for which the author gathered her material by living for some time in the region and among the people she describes. We have read the entire novel, a splendidly human, powerful piece of documentary fiction, and we feel very fortunate in having secured a section for publication.

The second article in Bruce Minton's series on Congress will appear next week. In his subsequent pieces he will deal with such matters as congressional blocs; appeaser and defeatist elements in House and Senate; congressional leadership; and congressional "unity." Each article of the series has particular significance in the light of congressional elections this year. Besides giving you the facts about Congress, Minton will also discuss the vital question, what can you, as a citizen, do to determine congressional activity? These are discussions you shouldn't miss.

And also in next week's issue will appear an article by Leo Huberman, one of the country's outstanding labor journalists, on the story of Harry Bridges. Huberman has followed closely the history of the Bridges case. In the same issue will appear the first of two articles by A. B. Magil, "What about Postwar Planning?" In this stimulating series Magil will discuss the recent speeches of Vice-President Wallace and Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles. He will analyze the feasibility of postwar planning and its relation to the problem of winning the war.

FROM a New Jersey reader: "Dear Friends: I teach a first aid class. Today we finished our course. As a token of appreciation my class presented me with the sum of sixteen dollars. I do not feel entitled to this money since I instructed a first aid class as part of my job in the nation's war effort. So I am turning it over to NM." We don't think it necessary to comment on this letter. It is typical of many we receive—letters that are in a way as sustaining as the checks which accompany them. To them we have replied personally; to our other readers and friends we say: please read the next page—and act upon it.

THE Theatrical Committee for Victory in 1942 will hold a forum on How to Win the War This Year, at the Hotel Astor on Sunday, June 7, at 2:45 PM. Admission is free. Speakers will be Genevieve Tabouis, Capt. Sergei N. Kournakoff, and a representative of the NMU. Sponsors include Oscar Serlin, Joseph Schildkraut, Morris Carnovsky, Vincent Price, Karen Morley, and many others.

Who's Who

ABRAHAM UNGER is a New York lawyer. . . . I. Polyakov is a Soviet journalist. . . . Milton Wolff was a major in the Spanish republican army. . . . Samuel Putnam is himself well known as a poet, critic, and translator. . . . Ed Smith's reviews have previously appeared in NM.

THIS WEEK

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June 9, 1942

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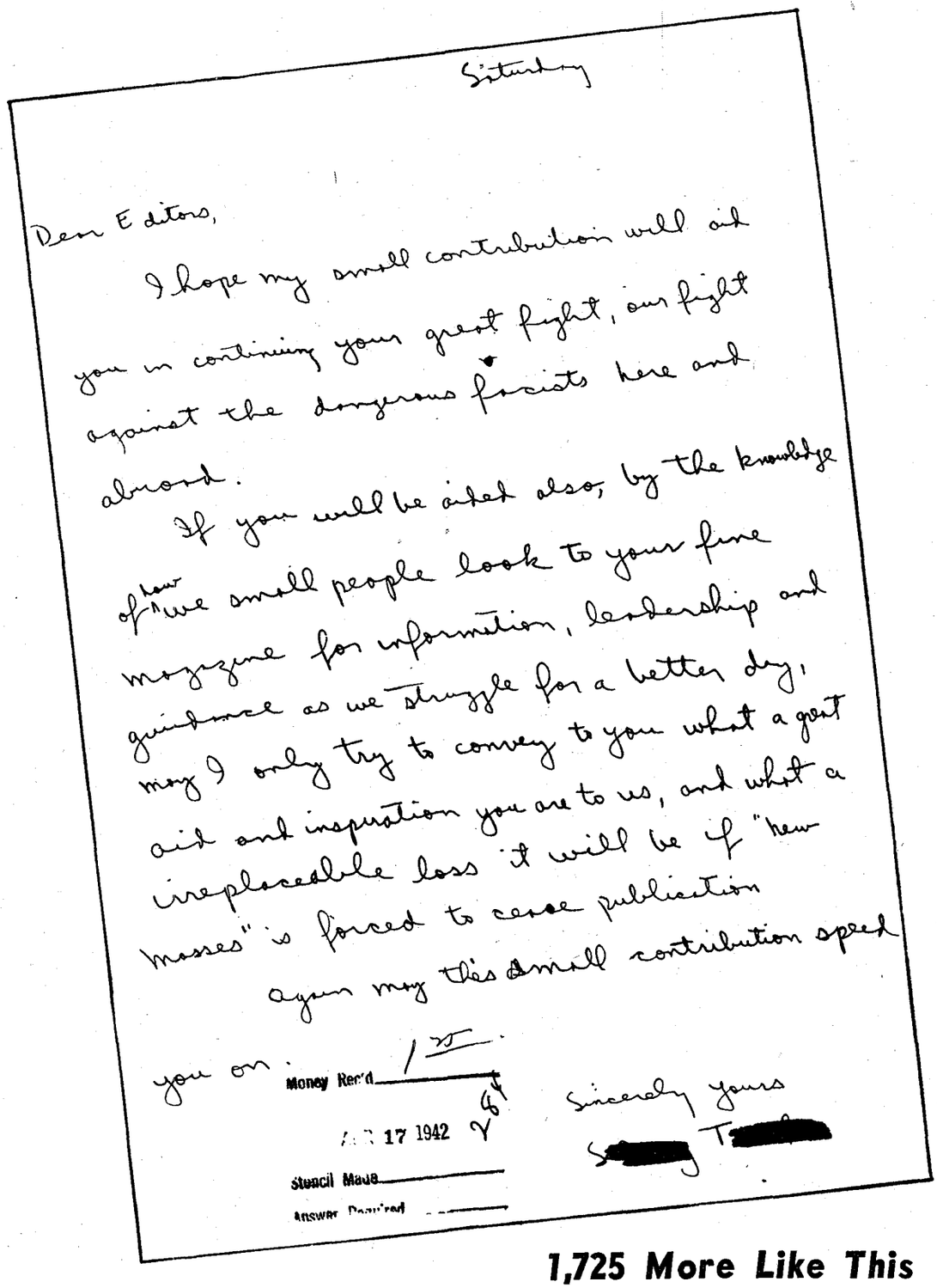

Saturday

Dear Editors,

I hope my small contribution will aid you in continuing your great fight, our fight against the dangerous fascists here and abroad.

If you will be aided also, by the knowledge of how we small people look to your fine magazine for information, leadership and guidance as we struggle for a better day, may I only try to convey to you what a great aid and inspiration you are to us, and what a irreplaceable loss it will be if "New Masses" is forced to cease publication

again may this small contribution speed you on.

Money Rec'd 1 50

OCT 17 1942 46

Stencil Made

Answer Required

Sincerely yours

[redacted]

1,725 More Like This

They come from Safford, Ariz., from Lackawanna, New York, from Detroit, Cleveland, from New York, from San Francisco. Ninety-six cities and towns; some from men at sea, some from wives of men gone to war. They have come with money orders, checks and dollar bills that total up to $22,175 in our drive for $40,000. And to the writers of these letters, our heartiest thanks.

But they are only a fraction of our readers. How about you who haven't come through yet? We urge you and warn you not to delay: that delay may write finis to your magazine.

If somebody told you NEW MASSES is not coming out next week, what would you do?

THE EDITORS

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WANTED: A VICTORY CONGRESS

Record of a day in Congress. How a compact little group of defeatists fosters legislation-as-usual, and worse. First of a series by Bruce Minton, with the assistance of Charles Humboldt.

This is the first of an important series of articles by our Washington editor, Bruce Minton, on the 77th Congress and the outlook for the next one, to be elected in November. The series has been written as a unit, but is being published in several parts because of space restrictions. The first article presents an actual typical day in Congress. On that day, as on so many others, the minority of appeasers and reactionary disrupters had things pretty much their own way. This series is being published in the belief that this situation can be changed and as a contribution toward helping effect that change. As the first article points out, "The nucleus of active war supporters already exists in both the Senate and the House." Working with this nucleus of those who can be relied on to back President Roosevelt's policies with deeds and not mere words, the American people have the opportunity in the next few months to transform their Congress into a powerful democratic instrument for total victory over the Axis.

Next week Mr. Minton will examine the record of the 77th Congress since Pearl Harbor.—The Editors.

Washington.

THE weather had turned cold, after a week of false spring. The wind swept off the Potomac, raw and biting—a typical Washington day in late winter. A typical day in Congress, too; the issues under discussion two months after Pearl Harbor were neither crucial nor trivial, neither conducive to dramatic clashes nor so routine that they failed to interest the legislators or the public. A typical day—Feb. 19, 1942—with a large number of congressmen going about their business as usual.

The United States of America had entered the mightiest and most crucial war in history. *Time* magazine characterized the week preceding as "The worst week of the war . . . a worse week for the United States than the fall of France; it was the worst week of the century. Such a week had not come to the United States since the blackest days of the Civil War."

★

THE great majority of legislators were in Washington. Only a few failed to arrive at their offices that morning, bundled in heavy overcoats against the sharp bite in the air. Some handful were sick or had returned to their states on business, official and otherwise. But by ten o'clock most of the senators and representatives had greeted their secretaries and had begun

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to run through their mail. Those on committees wandered into conference rooms more or less punctually. The others dictated or prepared a few remarks to be delivered that afternoon, or saw callers asking for help, advice, or patronage.

Rep. Robert L. Doughton of North Carolina, looking very fit and determined, strode into the New House Office Building, and made straight for the Ways and Means Committee chambers to the left of the entrance. As chairman, he liked to be early. He nodded to the clerks in the outer office, hung his hat on the coat rack, ran a hand over his bald head, and settled himself at the head of the long mahogany table in the conference room.

The other committeemen arrived presently. John D. Dingell of Michigan seemed a little belligerent and hostile as he pulled off his overcoat; the rest had the calm demeanor that is part of a congressman's equipment.

They ranged around the table, lighting cigars and cigarettes, polishing eye-glasses, talking quietly among themselves. Representative Doughton tapped lightly with the gavel for order. The hour had come to vote on disposition of HR 6559.

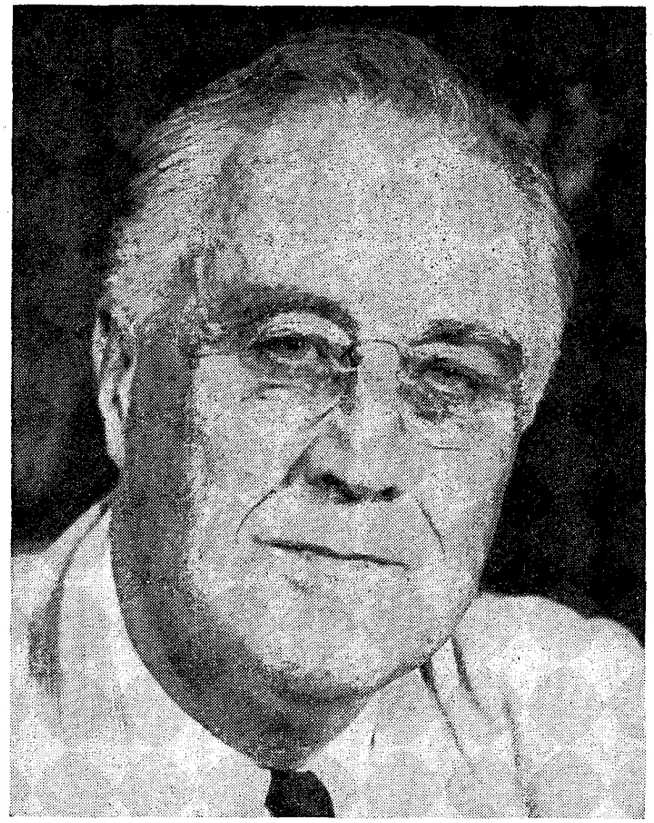
The committee had been hearing evidence since February 11—six days, morning and afternoon, except for the single session held on Saturday. The measure before them was of utmost significance: in a message to Speaker Rayburn a month before, President Roosevelt had written, "There will be widespread distress unless the federal government takes appropriate action to cope with the situation which is directly attributable to the war program. The present state and territorial unemployment compensation laws . . . are quite inadequate."

The proposed bill would appropriate $300,000,000 in the form of unemployment benefits to war-displaced workers. Three or four million in all parts of the country (particularly in Detroit and other localities where automotive plants were located) would be idle within the next few weeks because of shutdowns accompanying conversion to war production. The Ways and Means Committee was asked to recommend legislation authorizing payments to these displaced workers of sixty percent of their wages (but not more than twenty-four dollars a week), and to train many of the temporary jobless for work in war industry. The administration considered the bill vital for morale, for the well being of an important section of the population, and particularly for speeding war production once conversion had been accomplished.

THE evidence had been very complete. Sidney Hillman, Director of Labor, War Production Board, had testified at the first hearing in support of the bill despite its inadequacies. So had spokesmen of both the AFL and CIO, Paul V. McNutt, Mayor LaGuardia, Rt. Rev. John O'Grady of the Catholic Charities Conference, and many others. But eleven state governors or their proxies had expressed unqualified opposition.

The committee retired into executive session so that the record would not reveal the vote of individual congressmen. After patiently allowing Representative Dingell to excoriate them, they took final action.

The vote was based—so said the congressmen—on the fact that the legislation tended to violate "state's rights," tended to promote "federalization." The state governors objected to administration control of unemployment benefits—they wanted to hand out what patronage there might be for themselves. The administration protested that the federal government would leave all details to the states. The governors were not convinced. And those on the Ways and Means Committee who were hostile to the administration and quite apathetic to the war effort leaned toward the governors. The appeasers like Harold Knutson of Minnesota knew from the start how they would vote. Allen Treadway of Massachusetts, Benjamin Jarrett of Pennsylvania, Daniel Reed of New York, Donald McLean of New Jersey, and Frank Carlson of Kansas, all Republicans, had consistently opposed *every* administration measure of importance since the war began. Chairman Doughton boasted a very mixed record—usually hostile to Roosevelt policies. The same could be said of the Democrats Aaron Ford of Mississippi, Wesley Disney of Oklahoma, Milton West of Texas, Frank Buck of California, and John Boehne of Indiana.



Warning the nation against politics-as-usual, President Roosevelt told a press conference, February 6, as reported by the New York "Times," "that the United States at war needed congressmen regardless of party who will back up their government and who had a record of backing up the country in an emergency regardless of party."

The committee supported 16-8 Representative Disney's motion to table. One newspaper commented that war-displaced workers must consider themselves tabled too. But as Frank Buck (so close to the big business-controlled Associated Farmers) remarked, the committee's decision eliminated any incentive to idleness. Workers couldn't try to get benefits instead of jobs. And Harold Knutson could feel satisfied that his sarcastic proposal a few days before to pay General MacArthur and his men time and one-half for overtime had produced results. Mr. Knutson cried, "Will Americans bow down to all the totalitarian decrees which will restrict their sugar, their motor cars, their oil, their apparel, their way of life, and their pocketbooks simply to satisfy the ambitions of those who understand victory to be the complete overthrow of their enemies?" Mr. Knutson prided himself on a sense of humor.

WHILE the Ways and Means Committee delivered the administration its worst defeat on domestic affairs since Pearl Harbor, the sub-committee on rubber of the Truman investigation into the national war program also gathered in executive session. Hearings in the little room at the Senate Office Building were also held behind closed doors—but not for the purpose of concealing votes. Information developed before the committee might very well have military importance. Caution was considered imperative.

The investigation concerned the failure to produce sufficient synthetic rubber—a question of major importance to the coun-

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CONGRESSIONAL SCREEN TEST

W. M. Whittington *Harry F. Byrd* *Clare E. Hoffman* *Frank Boykin*

try, particularly since the recent loss of Singapore. Senator Truman, looking like an efficient high school teacher, dropped in for a short time to keep in touch with the sub-committee's progress. Tom Connally asked permission to attend because he wanted to be on hand to "protect" the chief witness, the political boss of Connally's state, the man from Texas—silver-haired, jovial, six-footer Jesse Jones, Secretary of Commerce, and holder of more administrative posts than any other man in Washington. Secretary Jones, as head of the Rubber Reserve Corporation, had been asked to explain the failure to produce synthetic rubber. He had resisted proposals to manufacture synthetic rubber until after December 7. Then abruptly he had announced a program to supply 400,000 tons by mid-1943. Soon he admitted this forecast had been over-optimistic. He had not yet been able to get construction of synthetic rubber plants under contract. It seemed after further thought that Jesse Jones could promise nothing before 1944.

The committee hopped all over the Secretary. Soft-spoken Senator Connally, an old-timer with the self-confidence of a man who can depend on the poll tax to return him to office whenever the unpleasant need to campaign rolls around, had come to protect, but catching the prevailing mood, decided to shift ground and attack. Poor Jesse Jones had a rough time. The Secretary was, however, used to rough times. Senators could shout and deplore—he still held the purse-strings, he still made policy.

The session was the first of a series on rubber. The senators picked up their notes as Secretary Jones hurried to assure them that the Standard Oil Co. had not withheld any formula for making synthetic rubber. In fact, just a week past—Wednesday to be exact—Standard Oil had offered its formula to the government. Naturally, the company wanted to be recompensed. Its cooperation was most gratifying to the Secretary.

Jesse Jones advised the sub-committee not to worry about Standard Oil. The staff of hard-working, progressive young men who supplied the crusading members of the Truman investigation with hard facts, looked unconvinced. For his part, Jesse Jones seemed uneasy. Those who had gone before had found the Truman boys hard-hitting and diligent in the search for truth. And if the Secretary of Commerce had premonitions, he would soon find that his fears were justified. He was not going to be able to talk himself out of blame.

OVER in the Capitol building, in the ornate room past the Senate elevators and down the corridor to the left, the Committee on Education and Labor discussed defense housing in Washington, D. C. A lot of expert testimony was offered on the need for more hospitals, recreation facilities, apartments, roads, sewer systems. The influx of people to Washington created a serious and immediate problem. The senators fidgeted and whispered among themselves. Of course, it was well known that the House Lanham committee had stymied most war housing. Nor had the junket led by Rep. Frank "Made-for-Love" Boykin of Alabama helped; it had been costly enough for ten junkets, and worse, it had left a bad taste in the mouth of communities which had undergone the Boykin visitation. "Made-for-Love" ("Yes suh, would yuh b'lieve it, couple years ago a friend, he goes to Paree, sits down and writes a postcard—should of seen it—and all he puts on it is 'Made-for-Love, USA.' By God suh, it came right to me. Ev'ryone knows Made-for-Love. Yes suh, they all knows it—nice sort of way to be called, now ain't it?") —well, "Made-for-Love" hadn't done war housing any good, and now the Senate should act to clean up the mess.

Burton K. Wheeler ***Tom Connally*** *Dennis Chavez* *Robert L. Doughton*

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These legislators have not passed it. Their record is not all-out for victory in the war.

Robert F. Rich *John E. Rankin* *Millard E. Tydings* *Walter F. George*

AT NOON the Senate convened. Sen. Robert Reynolds and "Cotton Ed" Smith were both ill and therefore absent. Senator Reynolds had recently been accused of being a member of the Cliveden set. He had failed to deny the charge—as had Senators Nye and Wheeler. These two appeasers were present on this typical day. Senators Pepper and Murray gave statements to the press, in which they warned against Cliveden activities.

After a formal prayer the senators drifted casually around the chamber. For several minutes Senators Hayden of Arizona and Walsh of Massachusetts paid tribute to one Ansel Wold, clerk of the Joint Committee on Printing. It was Mr. Wold's fortieth anniversary in government employ. McKellar offered a report on a conference with the House. Other senators submitted petitions, resolutions, and more reports, and received permission to extend remarks in the appendix of the Congressional Record. As the preliminaries ended, Senator Hill of Alabama suggested the absence of a quorum, the clerk called the roll, and the senators rushed in from the anterooms to answer to their names.

The session was on. Sen. Harry Flood Byrd rose to direct the debate on repealing a bill granting pension privileges to members of Congress which he had originally introduced. The bill had aroused angry public opposition—largely because it had been misrepresented. When the House and Senate approved pensions for themselves, a "Bundles for Congress" movement had frightened the legislators. The "Bundles" movement was a fake. It had been promoted—behind the scenes and with the intention of harming the nation's unity—by a man, according to Senator Mead of New York, who had "for many years represented Japanese business interests in this country," while another active participant was at one time "the accredited representative to this country of one of the Axis nations."

Senator Byrd, head of the "economy bloc" (devoted to the tactic of badgering the administration by shouting extravagance at every opportunity) introduced a repealer to his pension bill. Senator Byrd is a very serious and powerful gentleman from Virginia; he looks like a slightly inebriated comedian but in truth he is neither inebriated nor funny. He got off to a long start followed by Burton of Ohio who talked of "setting a precedent as to what we regard as essential or nonessential expenditures." La Follette rose to object to the way Senator Walsh monopolized the floor for the Byrd supporters: "I make the point of order that neither the senator from Massachusetts nor any other senator can retain the floor indefinitely and farm it out." Vice-President Wallace in the chair agreed and so ordered.

Everything went smoothly until Senator Downey of California offered a substitute for the Byrd repealer providing thirty dollars a week in benefits for the destitute aged sixty years and over. This precipitated a debate on procedure. Downey withdrew his substitute and offered the benefit plan as an amendment to the Byrd amendment. On further objection, he agreed to let the Byrd repealer come to a vote and then to offer his old-age pension proposal as an amendment to a Naval Affairs Committee bill. While Downey's intentions were good, his proposal was hardly timely in view of the need to concentrate on measures which are immediately required for the war effort.

THE Senate defeated congressional pensions—thirty-seven reversed original votes—after Byrd yielded the floor to Chavez of New Mexico. In a burst of grass-roots sentiment, Chavez read excerpts from letters similar to the one he de-

W. Lee O'Daniel *Harold Knutson* *Leland Ford* *Gerald P. Nye*

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scribed as coming from "a small country town, but from a Christian, patriotic American mother." Every letter had a strong America First flavor to it—they asked impossible feats to help General MacArthur, they used the plight of the American defenders in Bataan to heap abuse on the administration and the war effort. "Is our government going to permit these New Mexico men to die like rats in a trap?" demanded a "Committee of Fathers and Mothers." A lady describing herself as "An American Mother" wanted to know "Are there no red-blooded men in the air forces of the Army and Navy . . . are there not a few red-blooded men in command?" Chavez could not resist including letters that charged: "It looks like we are sold out to the British . . ." and "Why shouldn't the soldiers strike for better pay? . . ." and "They know they will be deserted, yes, cold-bloodedly deserted. . . ."

Senator Chavez was making his contribution to prosecuting the war—with a deluge of defeatism. Not so long ago, the Senator had delivered speeches fed to him by Louis Ward, Coughlin's emissary. Today, no one bothered to answer Chavez's libelous remarks. But Senator Tydings appreciated the tribute paid him by Chavez for a speech delivered some days ago in which Tydings had called the government "an overgrown monstrosity from top to bottom." Chavez declared that this sentiment expressed the thoughts of the mothers of New Mexico.

Downey's old-age plan kept the Senate in session overtime. Majority leader Barkley challenged figures on cost, and Downey lost his temper—apologizing somewhat later for his sharpness. Walter George of Georgia got up to drag into the debate a subject close to his heart—the evil-doing of the administration. Said George, appropos of nothing: "They [the public] sense the existence of things which should be corrected. . . . A few things float to the top—a dancer appears on the stage and a moving-picture actor is brought here from California to do something, God only knows what." George's attempt to revive the onslaught of a few days before on the Office of Civilian Defense, Mrs. Roosevelt, Dean James M. Landis, and the administration in general, elicited no response. The senators were temporarily sick of the subject. George got credit for the try. But he had selected the wrong moment. Some other time. . . .

After countless words, in which everyone voting against Downey's proposal made very clear that he loved and respected the aged, particularly those old people who didn't have enough to eat, old-age benefits were defeated 49-22. The senators hurriedly passed a bill legalizing the planting of 75,000 acres of guayule rubber in the Western Homisphere. Without further ado, they provided increases of twenty percent in basic pay for enlisted men, ten percent for officers serving the Army and Navy in foreign countries. They authorized a new canal lock at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Senator O'Daniel of Texas—"Pass the Biscuits Pappy"—who got elected by singing hill-billy songs and by paying homage to his mother, his wife, his children, and himself, introduced a measure to stop violence in labor disputes. There had been almost no strikes, let alone violence, since Pearl Harbor, but O'Daniel was not to be dissuaded. Although it was late and most of the senators had departed, he cried out: "While we read of battles raging on many fronts and hang our heads in grief and sorrow at the loss of our loved ones, our foreign enemies read of hand-to-hand fighting in front of our defense factories and rejoice because this force and violence is stopping production of guns, ammunition, and war equipment so sorely needed by our armed forces. . . ."

No one bothered to point out that the senator from Texas was deliberately lying. To the credit of the senators, however, they did not accept O'Daniel's anti-labor proposal. They voted it down and went home.

The session had been unusually long. The senators had approved more legislation of greater importance than they had passed in many a day.

OVER on the other side of the Capitol, the House session proved a good deal livelier and three hours shorter. The House passed no legislation. The appeasers and the labor-haters monopolized the floor and permitted little relevant discussion. Some representatives made extended speeches for the record. Representatives are always making speeches for the record. And being more numerous and younger and not so important as senators, their conduct usually appears more animated.

As they gathered on this afternoon of February 19, General MacArthur reported heavy Japanese pressure on the right flank of American forces in Bataan. President Roosevelt canceled a press conference because of a cold, but saw top defense leaders on shipping, and spent some time with Dr. T. V. Soong going over Chinese military and supply problems. Secretary of War Stimson told the press, "We are building an offensive force on the land and in the air, and we shall seize every opportunity for attack. . . ." The Navy Department released the first list of 2,208 American prisoners of war. Prime Minister Churchill shook up his Cabinet in response to demands from the British people for more strenuous prosecution of the war. Soviet armies pushed into White Russia, threatening German winter headquarters at Smolensk. Enemy submarines shelled the US base of Aruba and sank several tankers. Burma was threatened and the Chinese rushed reinforcements to aid the British forces.

On February 19 the debate in the House bore little relation to events in the rest of the world. In fact, no hint was heard in the House of the testimony given in a Washington courtroom by George Hill, secretary of Rep. Hamilton Fish. Hill had linked a number of legislators to the German agent George Sylvester Viereck—among them, Hamilton Fish, Martin Sweeney, William Stratton, George Tinkham, Clare Hoffman, Harold Knutson (as well as Senators Reynolds, Nye, and Brooks). These appeasers, along with their far too numerous friends, ran the show in Congress on this typical day. The progressives in both chambers remained silent. They lacked leadership on the floor of Congress. They had been slapped around so much that they now fought back only on major issues. The noise came from reaction; the House progressives (like Eliot and Casey of Massachusetts, Coffee of Washington, Marcantonio of New York, Hook of Michigan, Fitzgerald and Kopplemann of Connecticut, Sabath of Illinois—to name only a few) still had not found the way to exert their full strength at every possible opportunity in every session.

After the House prayer and routine formalities, Bradley of Michigan rose to favor the building of a canal lock in Sault Ste. Marie. Rich of Pennsylvania, isolationist and hater of the administration, asked "Is this that 'pork barrel' bill that the gentleman's committee is going to bring in here?" Rankin of Mississipi, high-voiced and excitable, who was called a "real statesman" by Gerald L. K. Smith, blurted out: "No; it is what the gentleman from Pennsylvania may call a 'pork barrel' bill since it is not all in Pennsylvania. . . ."

The Sault Ste. Marie locks were forgotten. The conduct of the House is apt to be chaotic, passing from one subject to the next without apparent transition. February 19 was no exception. In the glass-roofed, half-mooned chamber, with bald, complacent, fat Speaker Rayburn presiding, the representatives flitted from subject to subject. In the galleries a few tourists came to listen and be edified, but found it hard to make out what was going on. The correspondents in the balcony over the Speaker's desk leaned with heads on their hands staring into space. The radio gallery was deserted except for one girl and a man whispering intently. In the press room, the poker game helped pass the time.

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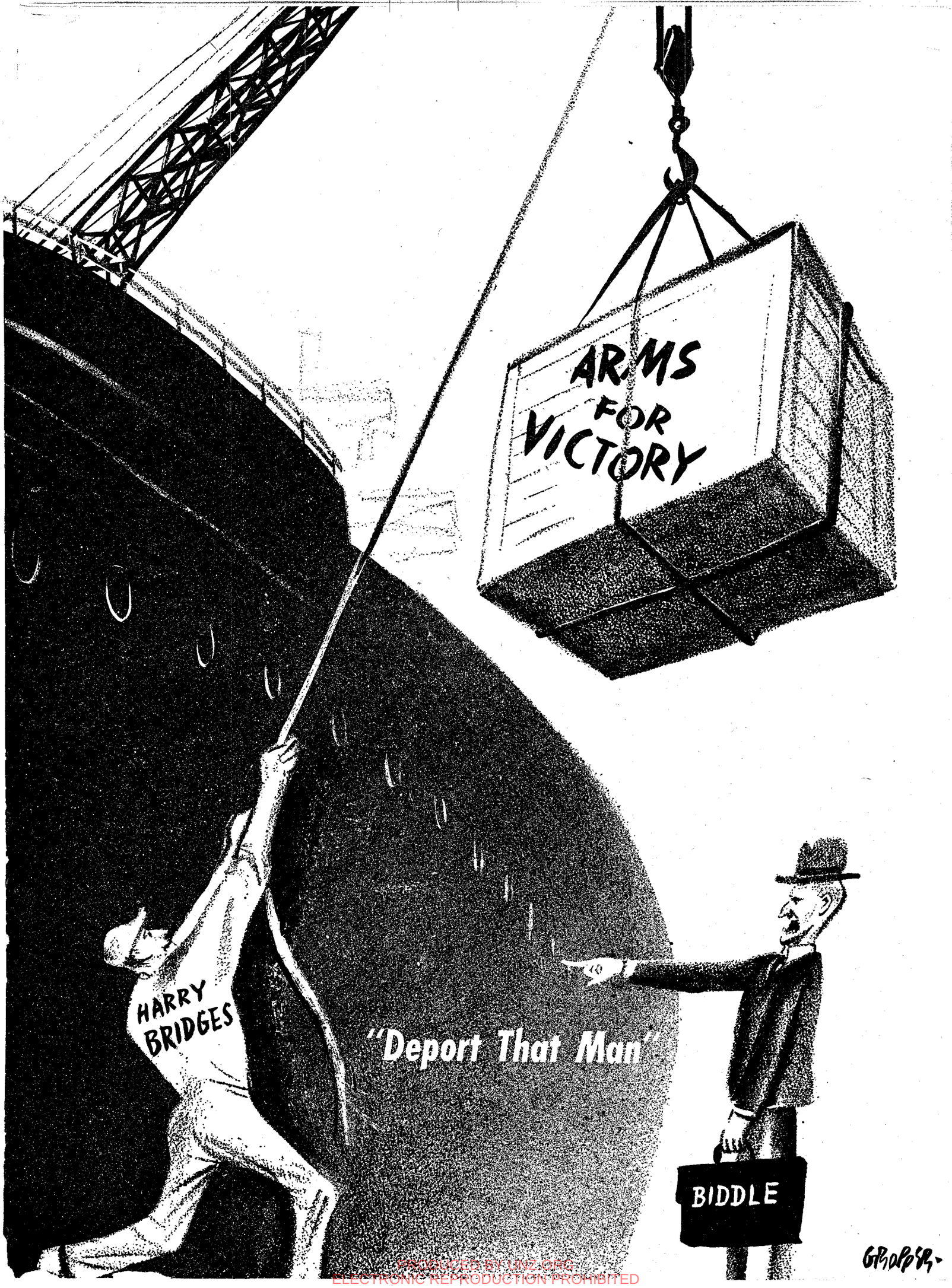

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Leland Ford, beak-nosed, considered by friends to resemble an eagle, and by his many enemies to be a dead ringer for a buzzard, took the floor. He shouted: "We have Fritz Kuhn. . . . We have Robert Noble. . . . We have Harry Bridges. . . . I hope the House will begin to think seriously about getting rid of some of these subversive interests. . . ."

Ford of California sat down, content. He had smeared Harry Bridges as per schedule. Woodrum, Rich, and Jarman paid tribute to Ansel Wold, forty years in government service. Fitzpatrick of New York protested against certain remarks by Rich of the day before. Rich, looking like a cartoon depiction of the typical prohibitionist, had said: "If the President of the United States wanted to do something for America, he would stop his political meddling . . . he would at least try . . . to win the war he successfully maneuvered us into all over the world." Fitzpatrick demanded an apology for the last sentence.

Rich: "I do not apologize for those remarks."

Fitzpatrick reprimanded Rich. McCormack of Massachusetts, majority leader, told Rich "statements of that kind are the best tools that could be furnished Hitler and the Japanese."

The subject was dropped. Mrs. Norton of New Jersey offered an amendment to the Employment Stabilization Act of 1931 to permit certain surveys to be made in relation to post-war planning. The President, supported by the Departments of Agriculture, Labor, and War, the Federal Works Agency, and the Bureau of Budget recommended such surveys. The administration requested House approval.

Dirksen of Illinois, consistent reviler of the President's foreign policy, questioned the cost of planning. He remarked: "And for what purposes will this money be used? For surveys!"

Whittington of Mississippi: "In all charity, this bill is wholly unnecessary in the first place, and in the second place it is exceedingly unwise." With hands on his considerable bay-window, scowling through his bushy eyebrows in imitation of John L. Lewis, Representative Whittington delivered the opinion that the National Resources Planning Board produced "boondoggling and other fantastic projects. . . ."

Mrs. Norton pointed out that the bill had received the unanimous approval of the Labor Committee.

The amendment sanctioning the surveys was defeated 252-104. Cox, Dies, Anderson of California, Smith of Virginia, Thomas of New Jersey, Sumners, Brooks, Leland Ford, and Vinson joined the happy majority defying the administration.

After the vote, and while Faddis of Pennsylvania praised the House for defeating "visionary, impractical, star-gazing planners" and "all of their rattle-brained ideas in regard to post-war planning," most of the representatives left the chamber. Some lounged behind the balustrade in the rear, chatting and smoking (smoking is allowed in the corridor circling the last row of leather seats). Some went downstairs for lunch, where Representative Dies sat in lonely splendor yelling across the room at the other diners. But many returned to their offices where they saw visitors and finished up their correspondence. The page boys lolled in the corners, or idled to one side of the speaker's rostrum.

The speaker recognized Clare E. Hoffman, appeaser, pro-fascist, friend of Gerald L. K. Smith. He came to the microphone, and began his usual tirade against organized labor. Rep. Hoffman wears suits without pockets—a peculiarity never explained. One colleague suggested that Hoffman had foresworn pockets because of the company he keeps. The gentleman from Michigan looks something like Will Rogers—and knows it. He tries to sound like Will Rogers—but it is generally conceded that he fails.

"Then the War Board, this creature of the President. . . ." thundered Hoffman. Gifford of Massachusetts, the wit, asked for the floor. Hoffman yielded. "God help the employer in every instance these days, as I see it," said the supercilious Gifford. He sat down. Hoffman continued: "This administration does not care as much about winning this war or about national defense . . . as it does about keeping the good will of labor leaders. . . ."

Leland Ford jumped up. He decried "false philosophy preached to our country by groups who are still in our government. . . . You cannot have a government half socialistic, paternalistic, or communistic and half democracy. . . . This country may lose the war. . . ." He denounced Philip Murray, Harry Bridges, Secretary of Labor Perkins, Sidney Hillman, Walter Reuther of the United Automobile Workers. . . .

Hoffman (interrupting in his best Will Rogers drawl): "This man Reuther is the same man that the administration was taking around in a plane when he was trying to give us some idea of what the Reuther plan was?"

Ford (grabbing the bait): "Yes. I think he is in a better position now to sabotage the program than at any time before."

Hoffman: "He is the one who with his brother went to Russia and sent back the message to fight for Soviet Russia?" (Reuther was in the Soviet Union in 1934. He said nothing about fighting for Russia at the time.)

Ford: "Yes. He is the same one who advocated bloody revolution in this country. . . . This government is shot through with these mealy mouthed, half-baked, socialistic, racketeering incompetents. . . . I am a friend of the President of the United States and a friend of the administration and the American people when I beg them to see the light. . . ."

The House adjourned at 3:50 PM.

IN THE evening New York Rep. Vito Marcantonio, leading progressive, defender of the trade unions, supporter of the administration, and wholeheartedly devoted to building national unity in the interests of a victory over the Axis, addressed a nationwide radio audience. He charged: "I have been informed by the Department of Justice that at no time has Mr. Dies turned over to it any of the information which he stated would have prevented Pearl Harbor. . . . Instead of giving the Attorney General information which he said he had, Dies gave the Attorney General mere evasions, commonly known as the good old-fashioned run-around."

While Marcantonio spoke, Sen. Walter George and Rep. Robert L. Doughton, chairmen respectively of the Senate Finance Committee and the House Ways and Means Committee, met with heads of the Treasury Department in Senator George's apartment at the Hotel Mayflower. They discussed the administration's tax program. Senator George let it be known later that all points of difference would be ironed out —he hoped. But the chairmen of the congressional committees also let it be known that they favored a stiff sales tax— and if the administration continued to oppose this measure, perhaps there would have to be a showdown in Congress. . . .

★

FEB. 19, 1942. The wind died down in the evening, but the weather remained cold and severe. Tomorrow was another day. The poll taxers, the compact little group of fascists and appeasers, the labor haters—they, and the old timers who had forgotten democracy for machine politics, would make the next session a replica of the one before.

But the United States is engaged in a dangerous war for national survival. The nucleus of active war supporters already exists in both the Senate and the House. It is time, indeed, for the American people to begin reclaiming Congress from the minority of disruptionists who defame representative government and debase the democratic process of a free people. For this minority has betrayed a high trust.

BRUCE MINTON
(with the assistance of Charles Humboldt)

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MR. BIDDLE'S BOMBSHELL

It wasn't hurled at the Axis. Instead, Abraham Unger points out, it exploded in the midst of a nation increasingly united for victory. Evidence the Attorney General ignored.

YEARS hence the law student studying the law of immigration and naturalization will come upon the Bridges case in a volume of dusty reports. In keeping with the tenderest traditions of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence that decisions are, one might say, made in heaven, there will be nothing within the words of the opinion to help the student to understand what Mr. Biddle actually did. It would be useful therefore to pin down the Bridges case and the Biddle decision in its setting of time, place, and circumstance.

The time is May 28, 1942, six months after Pearl Harbor, and five months after Mr. Biddle's own Board of Immigration Appeals had decided unanimously that Harry Bridges should not be deported. Biddle could have made his decision at any time within those five months, and he could also have delayed action indefinitely. But he chose the spring of 1942, when most Americans are concerned with the threatened Hitler summer offensive, and are straining every nerve to nullify it by a western offensive of our own.

This is the time when Harry Bridges, who had in the past earned the respect of West Coast industrialists and shipowners as a worthy adversary, has come to win their respect as a powerful ally in a common venture. Mr. Biddle chose the time to deport Bridges when his superior, President Roosevelt, was determined to convince the whole nation that the foreign-born were welcome in the war for the four freedoms no less than the natives; at a time when, Admiral Greenslade of the US Navy had paid his respects to Bridges and the West Coast Longshoremen's Union for their efficiency, self sacrifice, and patriotism. This decision is rendered by an Attorney General who has only recently decreed that anti-trust prosecutions which impair the war effort were to be shelved for the duration.

At this moment Mr. Biddle's department has thus far taken no action with relation to the activities of Coughlin. He moves against Bridges while the nation is anxiously watching the Chicago *Tribune* and the New York *Daily News,* and wondering when his department will "do something" about those sterling defenders of Goebbels' free speech.

And precisely at the moment when Harry Bridges is testifying before a Committee of the Legislature of California, examining into pro-fascist activity, he is singled out by the head of the Law Department of the United States government, as an undesirable person, serving notice upon the trade unions and the entire nation that Harry Bridges, the Australian who has lived here since 1920, was unfit to aid the United Nations in the war effort.

Bridges arrived in this country in 1920 from Australia. For the next dozen or so years he was a sailor and longshoreman, working hard to organize the West Coast waterfront. He lived here as any other seaman or longshoreman, with his wife and child. The government began to concern itself with him only when he became an outstanding and incorruptible trade union leader. The more powerful became the International Longshoremen's Association, the louder were the demands of the ship operators on the West Coast that "something be done about Bridges." When their outcries went unheeded, they called upon their congressmen to make spread-eagle orations and the country was informed that we would be ruined unless that man Bridges were deported. The campaign became so fierce that threats were made to impeach Secretary of Labor Perkins unless proceedings were instituted.

Bridges was charged with being a Communist in 1938, hence an alien "seeking to overthrow the government by force and violence," hence undesirable and deportable.

The appointment of Dean James V. Landis of the Harvard Law School as trial examiner of the deportation proceedings constituted a two-fold hope: First, that no congressman, not even a Gene Cox or a Leland Ford, could be brazen enough to challenge the impartiality of the proceeding; second, that the finding of this famous lawyer and respected citizen would forever close the Bridges case, one way or the other. He conducted hearings for three months. The FBI scoured the country for witnesses. Bridges' enemies were many, his activities were widespread and public. Yet the best case that could be presented against him consisted of the testimony of a half-dozen or so assorted specimens of renegades, stool-pigeons, and perjurers, variously described by Dean Landis as a "problem in contumacy," "evasive and contradictory," "neither candid nor forthright," "a self confessed liar," "had no regard for an oath." It is not surprising that Dean Landis dismissed the charge against Bridges and that Miss Perkins affirmed his decision and canceled the warrant of deportation.

By every standard of justice and fair play as we know it in this country, Bridges had earned the right to be free from further persecution. But a bill was introduced in Congress, specifically naming Harry Bridges and singling him out of the 130,000,000 people in the United States for deportation. This bill was not passed but another way was found. The Deportation Act was amended to read that an alien was deportable if found to have been a Communist at any time after landing in this country, and deportation proceedings were transferred from the jurisdiction of the Secretary of Labor to that of the Attorney General. Under the pretext that Bridges was being tried by Dean Landis merely on the charge that he had been a Communist in 1938, when the complaint was filed, a new complaint was drafted, charging him all over again with having been a Communist, hence, "seeking to overthrow the government by force and violence," hence undesirable and deportable.

The Department of Justice insisted that Case No. 1 and Case No. 2 were absolutely different cases, since under Case No. 1, Bridges was a Communist only in 1938, whereas in Case No. 2, he had been a Communist at some time between 1920 and 1938. The farce was cleverly carried out by the Department, to allay the suspicions in the minds of millions of trade unionists and others, who had been well aware of the fact that the

Harry Bridges and his fourteen-year-old daughter, Betty

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three months' trial before Dean Landis had covered Bridges' whole career in this country, not merely the year 1938. The whole law enforcement division was set in motion to dig up a new parcel of witnesses who would be ready to say that Harry Bridges was a Communist. Again the show was put on. The hearings lasted for three months. More thousands of pages of testimony were taken, covering precisely the same ground as the hearings before Dean Landis. The only difference lay in the names of the actors. A new cast had been selected by the FBI and rehearsed.

Yet, despite this careful preparation, a searching study of the testimony reveals as might be expected, the most startling similarity between the testimony of these witnesses, and those who paraded before Dean Landis. The new presiding inspector, Charles B. Sears, former judge of the New York Court of Appeals, was compelled to reject the testimony of seven of the nine Department of Justice witnesses whom the FBI had dug up. But he found in the remaining two sufficient material to hold that a case had been made out.

And so, after years of persecution and a man-hunt of such proportions as this country has never witnessed, with months of coaching and preparation by the FBI, the Department of Justice of this great nation could produce nothing more against Harry Bridges than the, at best, questionable words of two witnesses, one, James D. O'Neil, who denied at the hearing the statements which he is alleged to have made in private interviews with FBI agents; the other, Harry Lundeberg, known to the entire organized labor movement as an arch-enemy of Bridges, who, in turn, had denied in private interviews what he thereafter asserted at the hearing.

AGAIN looking back over the record, what stands out is the shocking perversion of justice by a branch of a government of a great, democratic country. One may perhaps forgive Secretary of Labor Perkins for having yielded, back in 1938, to the powerful pressure which led to the trial before Dean Landis. But that conceded, it is impossible to excuse the stultification of the Department of Justice in launching the second inquisition. It can be left for the court to pass upon the Department's argument that Bridges was not subjected to "double jeopardy." By the test of the Constitution of the United States, and the acute moral judgment of the people, the answer has already been given.

The decision of Judge Sears was rendered in September 1941, three months *before* Pearl Harbor. Pursuant to the regulations of the Department of Justice, his finding was appealed to the Board of Immigration Appeals, four of whose five members, Messrs. Fanelli, Finucane, Charles, and Cooley, sat in the case. After hearing oral argument by Counsel for Bridges and for the Department of Justice, and studying the voluminous testimony, the Board members, themselves a part of the Department, unanimously ruled against the Department, and in favor of Bridges. The care with which they studied the testimony is revealed by the 99-page opinion which is studded with references to the record upon which they based their conclusion that the testimony of the two witnesses on whose word alone the presiding inspector had ruled against Bridges, was "internally inconsistent" and "not to be believed."

What may be considered most significant about the favorable decision of the Board of Immigration Appeals is the calmness with which it was received. Pearl Harbor had occurred a month before and this nation was engaged in bigger deeds than the hounding of Harry Bridges. For all the world the Bridges case was closed forever. . . .

It is against this background that Mr. Biddle's act must be examined. Even the most rabid anti-labor press did not conceal its surprise. And in the wake of this initial shock has followed a wave of uneasiness which has affected Bridges' former adversaries no less than the millions of his fellow members in the CIO and AFL. The Australian government has diplomatically indicated that it sees nothing to applaud in the attack upon one of its sons by an official of one of the United Nations. Mr. Biddle finds supporters in only two quarters, the Nazis and their defeatist spokesmen in this country and that insidious set of hypocrites who would gladly see this war lost for the satisfaction of an attack on the Communist Party.

The question is asked, was Mr. Biddle compelled by law to pass on the case at this time? No, he had held it up for five months, and could have deferred his decision indefinitely.

Perhaps Mr. Biddle was compelled by law to rule as he did? No, the decision of his own Board of Immigration Appeals could have been affirmed by him, in strict compliance with the law. *In fact, this is the only case on record in which the decision of the Board has been reversed by the Attorney General.* The only explanation remaining leads to the conclusion that Mr. Biddle did not appreciate the real significance of his act, and its consequence—*or that he did.* . . . We shall leave it to the reader, and the future to supply the answer. Murder will out.

And now, what is to happen to Bridges? There is nothing in the law to prevent the man who made the decision from reversing himself, or from staying indefinitely the issuance of the warrant of deportation. In any event, the law gives Bridges the right to apply to the US District Court for a writ of habeas corpus. Pending the determination by the federal judge, Bridges may be permitted to remain at liberty under bail. An ultimate adverse decision may thereafter be appealed to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, and finally to the US Supreme Court.

Dean Landis described the man as follows: "Bridges' own statement of his political beliefs and disbeliefs is important. It was given not only without reserve but vigorously as dogma and faiths of which the man was proud and which represented in his mind the aims of his existence. It was a fighting apologia that refused to temper itself to the winds of caution."

Dean Landis may be proud that his judgment was confirmed in the magnificent telegram Bridges sent to Donald Nelson:

"I wish to assure you that despite the outrageous decision of Attorney General Biddle . . . I will do all possible to offset any effect it might have on production and labor-management unity, and will urge all workers and unions I can influence to re-double efforts in speeding production to win the main fight, the fight against the Axis."

Bridges is not being deported yet. The Civil War overruled the decision in the Dred Scott case; with the support of all who want victory over the Axis, this war can be expected to overrule the decision in the Bridges case.

ABRAHAM UNGER.

THE Department of Justice and President Roosevelt have been deluged with protests from labor unions and other groups, as well as leading officials of the War and Navy Departments, the War Shipping Administration, and the War Production Board, against Biddle's ruling in the Bridges case. Praise for Biddle has come from the Berlin radio and the Hearst press.

As preposterous as the deportation order itself is Biddle's assertion that the Communist Party, which is energetically supporting the war against the Axis, "is an organization that advises, advocates, and teaches the overthrow by force and violence of the government of the United States." To arrive at this conclusion Biddle tore phrases in old documents out of context and accepted the testimony of the same type of stoolpigeons, renegades, and perjurers as were used against Bridges. At the same time the testimony on the teachings of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin given by Professors Harold Chapman Brown and the late Walter Thompson of Leland Stanford University was ignored. Also ignored were the official declarations of the Communist Party of the USA and its constitution, which specifically opposes the use of force and violence against the democratic achievements of the American people.

The fact of the matter is that the only political party that not only advocated but attempted to overthrow our government by force and violence was Biddle's own, in 1861. And since he has gone back to 1848 to discover that Karl Marx ordered the American Communist Party to overthrow our government in 1942, perhaps he will go back still further in his researches to a subversive declaration of 1776 which said: ". . . it is their [the people's] right, it is their duty to throw off such government and to provide new guards for their future security." The author of that document also wrote concerning an actual insurrection on American soil: "God forbid we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion." These statements were written by Thomas Jefferson, the founder of what later became the Democratic Party. By his own logic, what does that make Francis Biddle?

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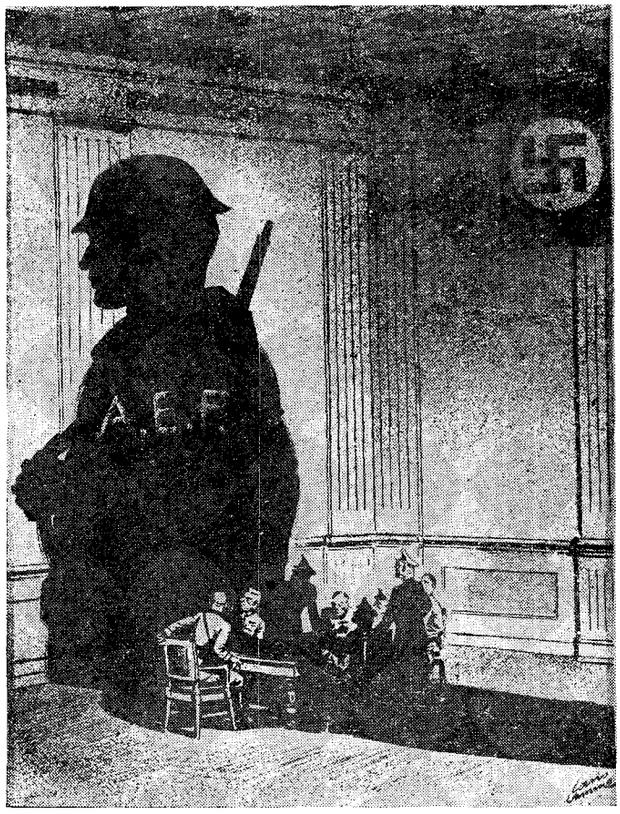
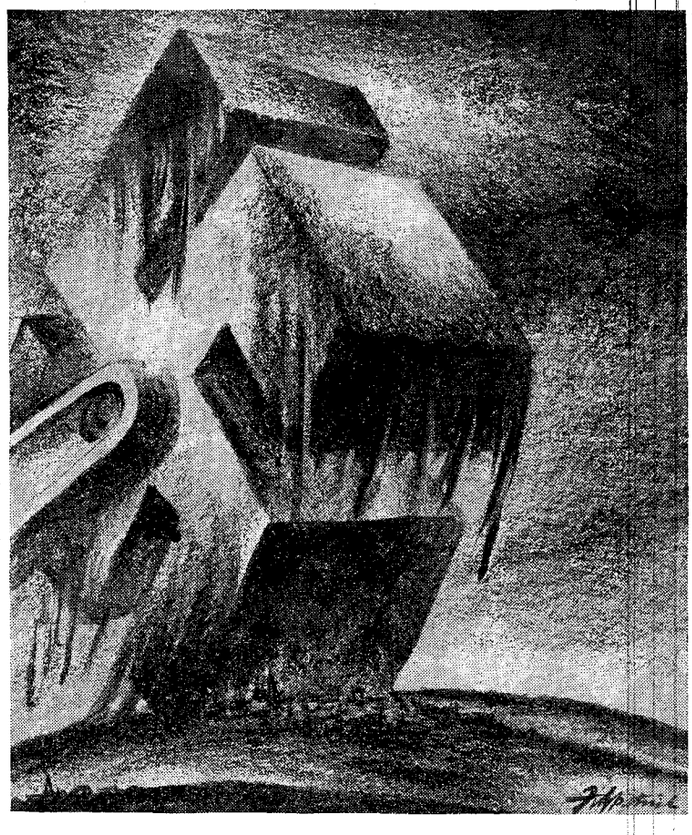
The Shadow Across the Table Louis Jamme *Toward What New Frontiers?* Fitzpatrick

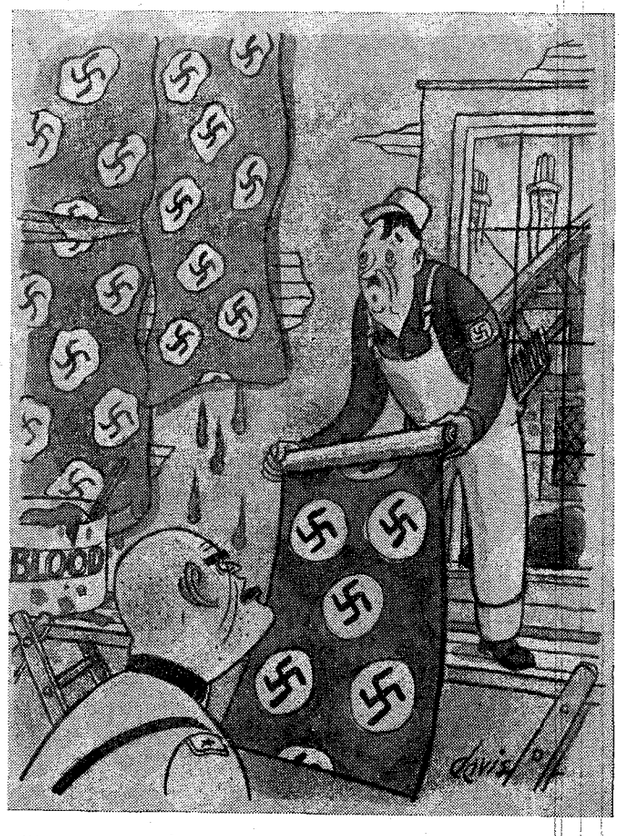




CARTOONS OF THE DAY

The current exhibition, most of it lambasting the Axis with crayon and pens, by members of the American Society of Magazine Cartoonists. Now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 5th Avenue and 82nd Street, N. Y., until June 30.

"Now, Herr Commander, I can tell you what I really think about the National Socialist Party." John Ruge



"It doesn't seem to stick—maybe we're using the wrong kind of paste!" Barow Davis

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FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

NEW RED ARMY TACTICS

"Balance is the thing." The process of grinding down the Nazi forces. The meaning of the Battle of Kharkov.

TO THOSE who eagerly scan the Soviet communiques for announcements of cities and towns captured, and who feel disappointed when the Soviet troops are found to be "almost" in Kharkov, but not "in" Kharkov—we recommend trying to understand the basic strategy of the Soviet High Command for this summer's campaign. This can be done only when issues, objectives, means, and methods are thoroughly understood.

The relationship of forces between the Red Army and the Wehrmacht is appreciably better today than it was a year ago. But it still hovers near the point of equilibrium. Therefore the strategy of the Soviet High Command in this period must be aimed at improving this balance of forces. Stripped of all brass-hat verbiage, this boils down to killing as many fascist troops as possible and destroying as much as possible of their materiel. Such destruction must be carried through before any large scale strategic advances are attempted. Last week's editorial in *Red Star,* commented upon by *Pravda,* says, in fact, that *"it is now a question of wearing down the enemy's manpower and materiel to prepare the basis for successes of Soviet arms."*

The preparation of future successes is no spectacular process. No preparation ever is. It is made up of countless little actions, most of which cannot even be reported in the communiques. A hand grenade here, a mine there, a shot hither, an explosion yon. A slow, grinding process is being carried on, and will be for some time. And, by the way, a so-called "stubborn defensive action" often does that better than a spectacular advance.

From an operational viewpoint the present Soviet strategy has the following objective: to forestall a concentrated German drive. It is quite clear that the German High Command simply *must* stage a great breakthrough, or admit defeat. It simply must, for instance, attempt a great break along the Rostov direction to the Caucasus, i.e. to the Soviet line of communications via Iran, and to the oil.

Such an attempt was almost launched on May 8, but was forestalled by Marshal Timoshenko's blow in the Kharkov sector. We now learn that the Germans had concentrated north of the Sea of Azov some thirty infantry and six panzer-divisions. These were aimed at Rostov—and a strategic breakthrough. But, thanks to Timoshenko's prompt and energetic action, General von Schwedler's divisions had to be diverted to the Izyum-Barvenkovo region in order to save Kharkov which, by the way, was hardly the Soviet marshal's objective. The German plans were thoroughly messed up. New plans will have to be made, and that takes *time,* an element which works against the Nazis.

Undoubtedly, similar situations will arise during the course of the summer. Generally speaking, the Red Army will grind, grind, and grind the German power down. Local retreats are entirely possible if such retreats are conducive to improving the balance of forces. *The balance is the thing.*

THE Red Army has issued new field instructions based upon the experience of the first six months of the war. They give us an insight not only into the changing tactics, but into the whole attitude of the Soviet High Command toward the war. As Walter Kerr of the New York *Herald Tribune* puts it, these instructions *"were issued with a fundamental belief that this war will not be decided by surprise attacks and offensives alone, but by more constant factors such as the stability of the rear, the morale of the army, the number and quality of divisions, the equipment of the army, and the organizing ability of the staffs." (Italics mine.)*

It is the morale of the Red Army which makes possible a distinct change in the tactics governing defensive action against German tanks. For instance, the new regulations prescribe not letting the enemy tanks get through to the rear of the Soviet troops on the assumption that they will be annihilated later, after being cut off from their supporting infantry and supply apparatus. The new regulations prescribe that every unit and subdivision must be an "anti-tank unit." This, in our opinion, is the most important tactical innovation.

TO STICK to the example of the "Universal" anti-tank defense, let us see what new weapons have been created to enable troops to carry out these orders.

The Soviet active anti-tank defense—as opposed to the passive defense which consists basically of traps, obstructions of all sorts, mine fields, etc.—is divided into three zones (or shall we call them "phases"?). When enemy tanks are in the process of approaching the field of battle (the Germans call this *der Aufmarsch*), the first zone or phase of the "active" defense goes into action. It consists of "Stormovik" planes and field artillery.

After the "Stormovik" and field artillery go into action, those enemy tanks which crash through the first zone of defense are taken up by the anti-tank batteries (artillery). The third zone of defense consists in the main of the new anti-tank rifle. Its range is most effective at 150-300 yards when its bullet pierces one and one-quarter inches armorplate and is capable of destroying any medium and light tank. At 450-550 yards the new rifle pierces three-quarter inch armorplate and disables armored cars and whippet tanks. There is also a new anti-tank grenade which is fired from an ordinary rifle. For close quarters there are the mine, the hand grenade, and the famous bottle with inflammable liquid which still proves its worth.

Now, this zoning is not a product of metaphysical staff thinking. It is based on certain new weapons which have been invented, tested, and mass-produced during the period between the great battle of last summer and the beginning of the Soviet spring operations. This is their most extraordinary feature, by the way, because it shows an absolute absence of red tape.

The Germans, on the other hand, have produced a new anti-tank cannon of 50-mm calibre. It is complicated, rather bulky, but being a cannon has a longer range than the Soviet rifle. The appearance of these two weapons is very characteristic from the viewpoint of morale. The Germans created a weapon which shoots at long range, but which because of its complexity cannot be distributed to the troops in great quantities. Only six guns to a division, they say. The Soviets have created a light, handy mass-weapon, which must be handled by men of steel nerves, because of its very short range.

As for other new weapons: the new Soviet anti-tank plane—an extremely fast low-flying ("hedge-hopping") fighter, strongly armored in its most vital parts, now carries a "rocket bomb" which is placed on a rail under the wing and is shot forward by a sort of rocket attachment in its tail. The fact that the bomb is not "dropped," but "projected" makes both the aim and penetration immeasurably better than in the case of an ordinary bomb.

Finally, there is the special tank grenade which is fired with an ordinary rifle. Such are the three innovations produced by the Soviet war industries during the winter.

Add to all this, the new tactics, based on last year's experience, and the high standards, both physical and moral, of the Soviet reserves now being moved to the front; look at all this in the light of the Soviet strategy as explained above—and you will understand what happened at Kharkov and Izyum where the German panzer-thrust was carried forth *under ideal conditions of weather and terrain* and for really the first time in history failed to get anywhere at all.

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TANK ATTACK

The battle started fast and furiously. In the midst of a terrific artillery duel the giant Red tanks rolled ahead until the village was outflanked . . . Last of a series of an epic duel of tanks.

In the two preceding stories (New Masses, May 12 and May 19) the writer, I. Polyakov, told how the heavy KV tanks were assembled in a Urals plant, then shipped across the country where they went into action in Staraya Russa.

Kuibyshev (by cable).

IT WAS night when the petrol tanks and ammunition lorries arrived on the scene. The men, not deterred by the darkness, began to feel their way about, working swiftly and dexterously. Never, not even when receiving their rations of tinned foods, rusks, and sugar, do tankmen show such greed as when replenishing their ammunition. "You'd think I'm begrudged an extra shell to treat the Germans to," came reproachfully from Tank Commander Kalinichev to the chief of supplies. The tankists of the five KV's went about their work with great zest, eagerly stocking their tanks with ammunition. They were ready to cram their pockets with shells, the dominant desire being to get as many as possible. One of the tank crew, Solovyev, having utilized every inch of space, stood holding two shells in his arms as if they were babies.

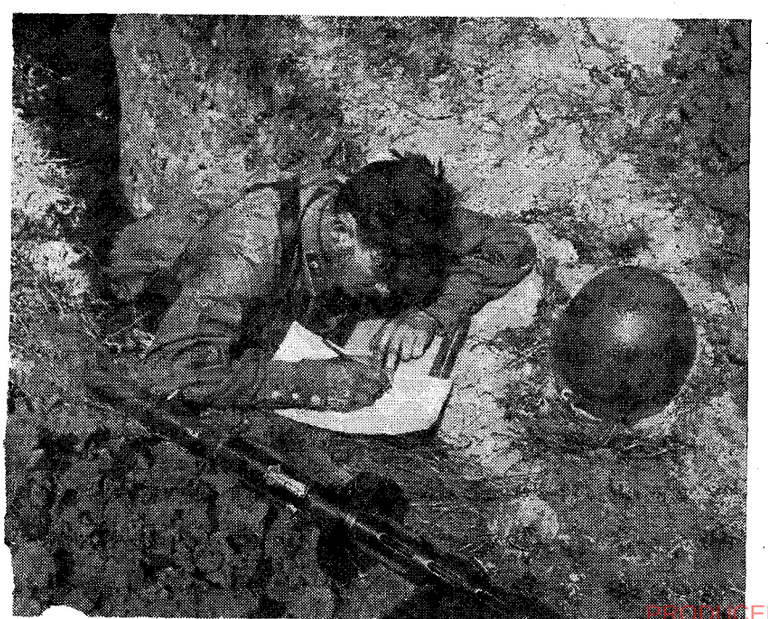
The Germans had fled to the next village where reserve units had apparently been pressed into line and were preparing for a defense. The enemy had to be dislodged and kept on the run. Astakhov and his tank crews were to remain out of action the first stage of the battle—later developments would show where they could best display their strength and ability. Just before dawn the snow-white tanks with infantrymen and submachine gunners, camouflaged in white coveralls, moved into battle heading for the open field on the village outskirts.

The German anti-tank artillery went into action, shells started exploding, and before long the turret of one of the small head tanks was whipped clean off. The Germans intensified their trench mortar and automatic fire on our infantry. The men dropped flat and the tanks deployed. The enemy hastened to take advantage of the momentary confusion in our ranks. The audacity of the fascists increased. When our tanks attempted to surge forward and thus draw the infantry behind them, the Germans attacked with a tornado of shells, cutting the tanks off from the infantry. Then the German troops prepared a counter-attack.

Two green rockets shot into the air. It was the long awaited signal calling the KV tanks into the battle. With a roar that shook the ground and air, the tank fortresses, deploying, broke through the glade and rumbled forward.

Our infantry gained heart. Under cover of the steel wall presented by the KV tanks that outstripped it, they began to advance in waves. Suddenly the white disc on Astakhov's tank moving on the right flank was thrown back and a red flag flashed three times in succession. The message signaled was "third tank to break into village."

Pausing in a moment's lull, to send a letter off to his sweetheart . . .



The steel fortress commanded by Lieutenant Chilikin immediately detached itself from the rest of the tanks. Enveloped in a black column of smoke, it raced ahead at top speed with the ease of a whippet tank, making straight for the Germans. Strong field glasses afforded an excellent view of the stupefied German artillerymen running hither and thither in utter disarray. Their guns fired salvo upon salvo and even hit the KV, but the steel monster was invulnerable. Its giant caterpillars steadily gained on the objective. Crossing the village boundary, the tank turned off to fight and began to crash the anti-tank guns and their crews. The thunder of enemy mines and shells had already long been downed in the deafening noise of the tank guns battering away at the new fire nests of the enemy. From time to time, Chilikin's tank would flash by between gaps of houses and trees, playing havoc with the enemy. The tanks cut into the dispositions of the German infantry just on the verge of going over the top. Fifteen minutes later all five KV's assembled in the village and, supporting the infantry, routed the Germans cornered in barns and lofts. They then moved on to the next two villages, where they met with no resistance. We advanced another fifteen kilometers. The tanks had reached a big inhabited point and railway junction which the Germans were preparing to defend stubbornly. Our scouts reported strong anti-tank fortifications on this sector. Astakhov got all excited. "That's fine!" he exclaimed with satisfaction. "Now we will have a battle royal."

The commanders of the other tanks, Yefimov, Chilikin, Kalinichev, and Gomozov, were just as jubilant at the prospect, not to mention the members of the tank crews, wearing a smile on their besmudged faces. Enroute, the KV's were given a new assignment: to close in on a certain village in a pincer movement and, without engaging the enemy in battle, to push ahead five kilometers and capture the railway and highway along which the columns of German reinforcements were being dispatched.

Mapping their plan of action, Major Maximov, in command of two tanks, was to flank the village from the left and Astakhov at the head of three tanks, from the right. This done, all five tanks were then to meet on the road beyond the village in the enemy rear. The village itself presented a

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solid line of fortifications with machine guns, large caliber mortars, and cannons.

"That sure is a hard nut to crack and a frontal attack would entail heavy losses. But you leave it to the tankists, their idea is a splendid one," remarked the infantry commander with approval, viewing the village from his command position.

Maximov and Astakhov were responsible for the idea of flanking the enemy, in itself a simple maneuver. It was clear that once communications were interrupted, this was equivalent to cutting the artery in a human organism. As far as blockading the village proper, this would be the assignment of the rest of the battalion tanks and only then with the object of diverting attention from the tanks moving on the flanks.

The battle started fast and furiously. In animal fear of the tanks, the Germans feverishly summoned their last forces in an attempt to bar the road. The German anti-tank artillery put up a solid wall of fire. The shells whistled overhead, exploding on the open field practically within a yard of one another. The terrible artillery duel of guns shooting from tanks and guns shooting at tanks was at its height, when the five KV's penetrated behind the German lines and sent out their first radio report: "Village outflanked, forging ahead."

Suddenly the enemy artillery stationed in one of the villages to the right of the road, came down with full force on the five tanks. This came as a complete surprise to the men. If they accepted battle, it would mean abandoning their assignment.

Once again Major Maximov and Astakhov divided their forces: two tanks under the major were to continue forward, whereas the three under Astakhov were to attack the village which was checking their advance. Turning their turrets to the right the gunners of the three tanks fired salvo upon salvo at the enemy's pill boxes, engaging the fascist artillery in a violent battle. "Forward!" signaled the flag from Astakhov's tank, and the three tanks moved on to the village. A few minutes later the steel paws of the dreadnaughts were grinding underfoot the enemy's pillboxes and anti-tank guns. Leveling several pillboxes with dozens of fascists in them to the ground, the tanks sped on their way to catch up with the other two KV's. Major Maximov, however, was already far ahead. Carried away by their forward movement, his tanks crossed the railway tracks and raced seven kilometers, instead of the original five, along the highway where the Germans were bringing up a regiment of motorized infantry. The latter, seeing the approaching tanks, suspected nothing amiss, thinking they were German tanks, and continued to move along the road. "Turn to the left," commanded Maximov to the second tank.

The effect of this was that two tanks barred the highway like barricades. While the tanks got into position, the gunners turned their turrets at an angle to the right, training their guns on the motorized column. The command rang out and running artillery fire was opened on the fascists who were scared out of their wits. Nine lorries were smashed and scores of fascists killed or wounded before any of the remaining cars was able to turn back and beat it in a disorderly retreat. Astakhov and his tanks, in full possession of the railway and highway, were engaged at the time in a fierce battle lasting five hours. Not a single train or lorry managed to slip through. Kalinichev's tank crew battled heroically alongside Astakhov, withstanding the onslaught of the artillery and the anti-tank fascist detachments. Eighteen times in the course of the day his tanks charged at the fascist infantry, thus preventing the enemy from regaining his lost positions. Dormidontov, a skillful tank driver, executed such hair-raising stunts on the field that the fascist gunners were unable to hit their target.

Such is the story of how the tankists intercepted the German communications. The Soviet infantry soon appeared and utterly routed the fascists. There was every reason for the tankists to be jubilant, but nobody was in high spirits—Lieutenant Astakhov, company commander had not returned from battle. One and the same thought was in everybody's mind—was it possible that he had been killed in action?

Red Armymen skirt a pond in reconnaissance

ASTAKHOV had not returned—it was decided that Battalion Commander Kharchenko would replace him in the forthcoming battle. This news greatly heartened the crews, who were in low spirits at the loss of their beloved commander. There wasn't a man in the unit who didn't know the fighting biography of the grey-haired commissar, formerly a mechanic in the Donets coal basin. Although only thirty-five years old, he had participated in many battles, had seen action in Finland as commander of a tank company where he had been wounded nine times in the head by splinters. The Order of the Red Star decorating his breast was for valor and bravery displayed in the Finnish campaign. The men also knew that if need be, their commissar could take the place of a tank driver or gunner, executing both operations with skill.

All day long the five KV's battled on to the approaches to the big inhabited point, wiping out the manpower of the enemy who made several attempts to counter-attack our troops. In the heat of the battle, a heavy German shell hit the turret of Kharchenko's tank, stunning the gunner Kustov and wireless operator Vedischev. The commissar instantly sprang to the side of the gunner and, taking his position at the tank's gun, kept up devastating fire on the target, a big blindage which was eventually silenced. On the left flank the tanks supporting the infantry surged forward to storm the strongly fortified enemy position. Opening the upper hatch, the commissar called out to the men "Forward! Follow us, brave infantrymen!" The fascist shells were bursting all around, tearing up the earth. Just as the commissar was addressing his men, one of the shells crashed against the head tank. The hatch was immediately slammed down and the tank raced into action. Seeing their commissar already storming the enemy's position, the infantrymen rushed behind the tanks with cries of "Hurrah!" Within twenty minutes the battle was over. The tanks freely moved across the German blindages and trenches, the infantrymen dislodging the fascists from their positions with bayonets. The noise of battle died down and a lull set in. It was then that the tankists and infantrymen alike voiced their admiration for their commissar, repeating: "What a fine commissar; hero, every inch of him."

The tanks left the battlefields and returned to their assembly point to refuel and stock up ammunition. The tankists were taking off their leather helmets and preparing to rest up a bit. And then like a thunderbolt came the tidings: the com-

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hat they learn will help the KV commanders

missar had been killed. Kharchenko had been hit by a splinter at the very moment when he was calling upon the infantrymen not to lag behind the tanks. He was already dead when the men went into action. Nobody, however, but the tank driver Konstantinov knew it, and the men, confident that their commissar was leading them, rushed into battle. Konstantinov, gritting his teeth, raced forward with his tank, carrying the motionless body of the commissar, and the troops saw how the commissar's snow-white tank crashed into the depth of the German defense with the fury of a whirlwind, crushing everything in its path. The rest of the tanks followed in the wake of the commissar's and before long this invincible force left a heap of ruins in place of the German fortifications.

Kharchenko was buried in the evening with full military honors. Our flag was hoisted over the ruined German fortifications. Scores of fascist corpses lay all around. Konstantinov, clenching his fist and looking at the battlefield, vowed, "We shall avenge our commissar."

The next morning brought the unbelievably glad tidings that the Astakhov crew was alive. We dashed to the command position, where we saw Predanikov and tank driver Tendetni sitting in front of the commander, surrounded by the tankists. Both of them looked wan and exhausted, and one of Predanikov's hands was bandaged.

Tendetni had this story to tell: Astakhov's tank had raced far ahead of the enemy flank, from where it kept up a successful fire along the whole German line of defense. In the midst of it all, a heavy enemy shell smashed the tank's fore wheel and sent it spinning.

"Seeing this, the Germans opened fire on us from all their batteries. Hidden from view of our troops by a grove, we were unable to signal for help. Finally the Germans ceased their artillery fire and detailed something like a battalion of men with hand grenades and explosives to rush our tank. Astakhov warned us not to shoot before the enemy was within 100 meters of the tank. The muzzles of three of our machine guns trained on the Germans were silent. The boys gauged the distance and counted the seconds. . . . First, hand grenades were flying at the tanks, and then all three machine guns went into action, simultaneously spraying the fascists with fire. The German attack was stemmed immediately.

"Dropping to the ground, the fascists continued to crawl toward us. We hammered away at them singly. Several hours passed thus. We tried not to use up too many rounds of ammunition. Toward evening the Germans had retreated some 200 meters. When it was quite dark, Astakhov instructed Kireyev to make his way to our troops and bring help. Senior Sergeant Kireyev, taking five hand grenades, cautiously opened the hatch and after taking stock of his surroundings, slipped down into the snow, darted behind the tank, and disappeared into the darkness of the night. . . .

"Nobody in the besieged tanks thought of sleep. All night long we waited for Kireyev, and when in the morning there still was no sign of help, Astakhov assigned Predanikov and me to locate our men and inform them of what had happened. When we tried to protest, saying that we wanted to remain with him up to the last, he would hear of no such thing. He felt it was enough that he and Makhalev remain behind to hold the fort. We armed ourselves with hand grenades and silently crept out of the tank. Dropping down, we crawled for some 200 meters until we reached the forest and once in it, we raced for dear life in the direction of our positions, using the compass as a guide and here we are. . . ."

THREE persons, including Tendetni, were detailed to reconnoiter a suitable route along which our tanks could move to Astakhov's assistance. Three men were also given the assignment to make their way up to the tanks with a sack of provisions for Astakhov and Makhalev. A suitable route was found, but they were unable to get to the besieged tank, the Germans keeping up a heavy barrage of fire all night long. They also noticed that the Germans were engaged in some strange kind of engineering work around the damaged tank.

Forty-eight hours had passed since the tank's encirclement. We decided to evacuate the crew. And then, just as our tanks were making ready to rush through the grove where they had remained concealed waiting for the opportune moment, Astakhov himself suddenly loomed up as if he had sprung from the very ground itself. He had come to warn the men not to go near the tank, which was surrounded with mines. It appears the Germans worked all night long, laying cases of explosives. Astakhov immediately guessed that they planned to blow up the tanks that would come to his assistance. Losing no time, he sent the last member of the crew, Makhalev, to warn the comrades of the danger. Fearing however that Makhalev might be too late, Astakhov finally decided to abandon the tank, a thing he would never have done under other circumstances. Here it was a question of saving the lives of other comrades and tanks—hence his decision to intercept the tanks and warn them in good time of the threatening danger. A few minutes later Makhalev appeared on the scene. He had been wounded by a mine splinter. Later, with the help of the sappers, the damaged tank was successfully evacuated. A few hours after, Kireyev, a fifth member of the crew arrived. He had lost his way and for two days had been wandering through the forest.

They all assembled again in the big hut, painstakingly cleaning the tank's mechanisms. This is how I remember seeing them in the Urals, in the Kirov plant. That day they were engaged in greasing the machine guns and testing the tank apparatus. When Plant Director Zaltsman asked them whether the tanks would do the job, they replied, "Rest assured! Coming from this plant and operated by us, they will certainly work wonders!"

A BOOM of artillery explosions shakes the walls of the hut in which the tankists are sitting. Fighting is in progress. Our troops are on the approaches to Staraya Russa, mopping up the remnants of the 16th German army which refused to lay down arms. The five KV's have covered fifty kilometers in action and are once again heading for the West. The five tank crews number only five men each—but what a mighty force they represent! Many are the pages that will still be written about their exploits, about the courageous Lieutenant Astakhov, about merry Dormidontov, about fearless Konstantinov, about all whom we met on the road from the Urals to Staraya Russa.

I. POLYAKOV.

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THE WEEK in LONDON by CLAUDE COCKBURN

BEHIND THE LABOR PARTY MEETING

The significance of the vote to lift the ban on the "Daily Worker." Why Labor membership is declining. The progressive forces get to work.

London (by cable) June 1.

THE forty-first annual Labor Party Conference concluded last week was a pretty accurate expression of the mind of the labor movement—in so far as those organized in the Labor Party are concerned. A certain pathos hung over the scenes where the delegates sought expression for a real world in terms of the world which has gone. The question arose, for instance, whether the Labor Party was more concerned with by-elections than with the second front. With the exception of the remarkable debate and vote in favor of removing the ban on the London *Daily Worker,* the Conference showed that the keenest interest existed precisely on the by-election question.

It is a pity that the Labor Party members showed in several instances an attitude which seems to suggest that they really are unaware of the profound significance of the world-decisive battle in progress at present and are more concerned with the absurd questions of electoral advantage or disadvantage. But as I said in my last report, there was nevertheless, a deep dissatisfaction among the delegates with all the academic, sectarian opposition to the government and opposition to the executives. The delegates showed quite clearly that they dislike anything which could possibly be regarded as a delay or disruption of the general war effort.

IT WAS somewhat strange to observe the excitement of certain delegates—including a rather large number of would-be parliamentary candidates—who seemed so deeply moved at the prospect of the prolonged impossibility of their entry into Parliament that they had dismissed from their minds all thoughts of every other aspect of the situation.

The big unions and a large part of the constituency of the Labor Party voted for lifting the *Daily Worker* ban for obvious reasons. The paper can play an important role in clarifying the urgent issues of the war and in securing production increases especially in those sectors of industry where the lack of understanding contributes to cynicism and unrest. On the other hand, there were probably some of the constituency of the Labor Party who voted for the lifting of the ban out of the general desire to assert the attitude of the rank and file against the Executive. The significance of this vote, which certainly was the only vote in the Conference which evoked a great spontaneous demonstration on the floor and galleries, was the first and last occasion in which the Conference was able to express itself on a genuinely urgent matter.

All this must be understood against the background of a catastrophically falling membership in the Labor Party. The individual membership has fallen by almost exactly fifty percent since 1937. The membership in 1937 was approximately 447,000 compared with approximately 226,000 in 1941—and nobody pretends the membership is still not falling. Reckoning the active membership would bring the number down to about 120,000. A pretense is made that this drop is due to the war, the call-up of its members for Air Raid Precautions, etc.

The answer to that is that the Communist Party during the last three months alone has doubled its membership—a membership which has steadily increased since the outbreak of the war in 1939—and will very likely turn out to have doubled its membership again within a very short space of time. With a membership of 53,000 six weeks ago, now certainly very largely increased, the Communist Party already approaches the total of active working membership of the Labor Party. Even taking the full figures of the Labor Party membership as given on the books it can be seen that the Communist Party already by March numbered approximately a fifth of the total active and passive Labor Party membership. And it is no secret that within a very short space of time the Communist membership—which means a *totally* active membership, of course—will be somewhere near the half total of the book membership of the Labor Party.

But it was stressed at the Communist Party National Conference that it is above all the task of the Party to ensure the revivifying of the Labor Party. For it is clear that if only the Labor Party organizations could be stimulated into life once again, if the members of the trade unions could feel that the Labor Party is a genuine force and could therefore affiliate to the Labor Party on a larger scale than they do in the disillusioned mood of today, then there is practically nothing which the Labor and Communist Parties together could not achieve.

While it is true that all sorts of foolishly disruptive opportunist and adventurous tendencies were displayed at the Labor Conference, it is equally true that the vote on the *Daily Worker* issue was unquestionably of greater value than any other action that could possibly have been taken by the Conference. So far as it lay within their power, the delegates sought to place in the hands of the working people a weapon which at the moment it is available, will multiply 1,000 percent the activities and influence of all the healthy forces. And let it be remembered that despite the denial of their own newspaper (though such near-fascist organs as "Peace News" and the Trotskyist "Socialist Appeal" calling for disruptive activities are allowed) the healthy forces have nevertheless been able to mobilize elements where previously they have been scattered and to combat the forces of disruption. Following this Conference, the healthy, progressive forces will push forward with new vigor, enthusiasm, and confidence, realizing that the main body of the British Labor Party is sound.

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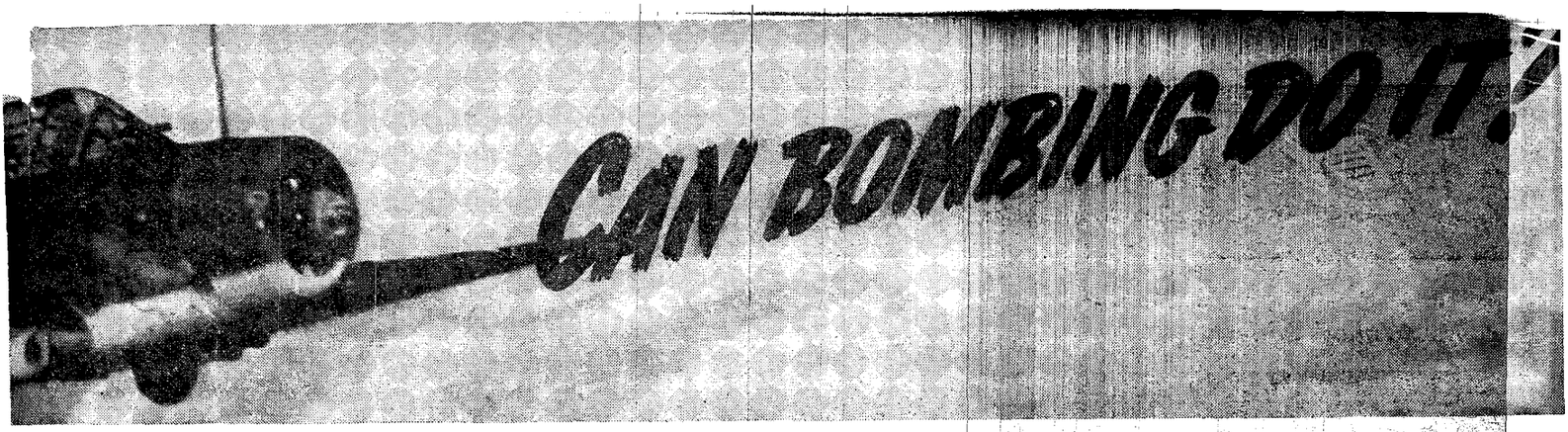

Yes, blast the daylights out of them as at Cologne, says Maj. Milt Wolff, Spanish republican veteran. But remember it won't substitute for a land invasion. What history has shown. Further comment on "The Case for the Western Front."

THERE can be no real substitute for an honest-to-goodness formula for victory. First of all, almost everyone agrees that a land invasion of the continent would ultimately do the job. No one dares deny this simple formula for splitting the Axis in half and smashing it. But for some strange reason the simplicity of two plus two does not appeal to certain of the more articulate military experts. That is, it does not appeal to them at this time, maybe in 1943 or '44 but not now. One would think that if a person knew the answer to a problem he would strain every faculty to solve the problem. Instead we find that these people are spending all their time discovering reasons for not getting to the problem or beating all around it.

Let us examine, in the light of our experiences, one of the more imposing substitutes for a Western Front that is now being offered to the Allied peoples of the world. The most popular one at the moment is "the-second-front-of-the-air." The theory is to bomb the daylights out of Germany and the industrial centers of occupied Europe, to cover the continental sky with screens of American and British bomber fighter planes, blasting Hitler out of the war.

(Milton Wolff had this written before the historic British bombardment of Cologne, in which more than 1,000 planes practically eradicated Germany's third largest city, and the center of the Rhineland industrial area. More on this on page 21.—The Editors.)

Blast, yes. Hundreds and thousands of planes over the Reich. Yes. But let there be no illusions that that, of itself, can do the trick.

One might attempt to sell such a theory to people who have never experienced the bombing of cities, but we never shall be able to sell that idea to the people of England, China, and the people of the bombed cities of occupied Europe. They know it doesn't work.

I WAS fighting in Spain when the first attempt was made by the Nazis to bomb a city out of a war. The city was Barcelona, the dates March 17 through to the 19, around the clock and every night thereafter in the year 1938. Barcelona is about the size of Hamburg, in Germany, or of Detroit, USA. In a strictly military sense the results of all the Nazi bombings of Barcelona were nil. True enough, the Allies are now capable of even greater bomb loads than the fascists then were, but even so the military damage to a city of that size can only be relatively small and indecisive.

This is true mainly because horizontal bombing as contrasted to dive bombing (which is not feasible over cities with substantial anti-aircraft defenses), remains inaccurate. Despite any amount of air superiority that can be gained (at Barcelona the fascists were virtually unopposed) existing anti-aircraft defenses tend to increase the inaccuracy of the bombers. The result is that many unimportant structures are repeatedly hit as part of the whole target—the city—while the infinitely smaller targets, the industrial plants, docks, etc., are sometimes hit and sometimes not. But rarely are they totally put out of operation.

The people of Barcelona learned to live in shelters and to work in plants between raids. In the Soviet Union and England work goes on in the blacked out plants even during raids. Barcelona was not knocked out of the war by bombing any more than London was knocked out by the worst bombing on record—or any more than defenseless Chungking was knocked out. *Barcelona was knocked out of the war when the fascist armies occupied the city.*

The theory that a second front can be established or already exists, in the air only, is not, as it might seem at first blush, the product of a highly imaginative mind. Rather it is the result of a rigid mechanical approach to the problems of modern warfare. It is another expression of the Maginot complex: massive armaments, plus limited liabilities, plus complete divorcement from the people at war. Only a mechanical theory such as the bombing theory would fail to consider our millions of allies inside occupied Europe. What possibility is there for them to establish contact and cooperation with a front in the sky?

It is this same rigid approach that denies the possibility of a western land front now, exactly because the experts persist in speaking of such a front in a vacuum. They mumble about the risk, about the upkeep, about Dunkirk, shipping, etc., as though the success of a Western Front depended on these things alone. Europe, increasingly rebellious, and the Allied Nations, approaching maximum in materiel and morale, need a Western Front so badly that the lengths to which our people will go to get it and maintain it can decide the war.

Our strategists speak of a Western Front in relation to the known Nazi resistance to such a front, but the resistance of the Nazis cannot be measured merely by their present strength or muster of forces: it can only be measured against their weaknesses when faced with another front. The introduction of a new factor into the war, a second front (an air-bombing front cannot be termed a new factor), must bring about new relationships of forces. In other words the strength of the second front will lie not only in the actual forces present but in the support those forces will receive from the peoples of the world and more specifically of occupied Europe. The weakness of Germany in such a situation will be the weakness of a divided force operating on a battlefield not of its own choosing, and surrounded by hostile populations.

There can be no half measures, no substitutes that can guarantee our coming out on top this time *next* year. Only an all-out, wholehearted, avowed effort to win *this* year will do the trick.

MILTON WOLFF.

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THE WEEK IN REVIEW

Mr. Welles' Speech

UNDERSECRETARY of State Sumner Welles' Memorial Day address, like Vice-President Wallace's recent speech before the Free World Association, is a statement of what America is fighting for. It amplifies the Atlantic Charter and underlines the liberating character of the war. The Welles speech lacks the historic grasp and the humanistic vision of Mr. Wallace's address, yet it too sets its sights high toward freedom, equality, and peace for all nations.

Mr. Welles quite properly put first things first: the winning of the war. He then indicated what should follow the victory of the United Nations: stern punishment for those responsible for this world catastrophe, disarmament of aggressor nations, the maintenance of an international peace power by the United Nations, and the creation of an international organization with the United Nations as a nucleus, "to determine the final terms of a just, an honest and a durable peace."

This was, of course, a statement of broad general objectives rather than an exact blueprint of the postwar world. And rightly so. All who support the war can support these principles, whereas any attempt at this stage to present precise formulae for achieving these aims would only create dissension among our people and among the United Nations. And we ought to be particularly vigilant against the kind of "interpretation" of Mr. Welles' address made by William Philip Simms, foreign editor of the Scripps-Howard press. Simms, an appeaser of many years' standing, tried to give the speech an anti-Soviet twist by raising the question of Poland, Finland, Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania in the postwar world.

While we cannot as yet express ultimate objectives in other than general terms, there are immediate concrete steps that can be taken to guarantee that the better future which Undersecretary Welles and Vice-President Wallace have outlined will not remain mere words. Appeasing Vichy and Franco won't help build this future; that policy is, in fact, a relic of the follies and errors of the past which Mr. Welles castigated. Then there is this notable passage in his speech: "Our victory must bring in its train the liberation of all peoples. Discrimination between peoples because of their race, creed, or color must be abolished." What better way to assure that this promise will be fulfilled than to end here and now all discrimination against Negroes, Asiatics, and Jews? So long as our government itself sets an example of Negro segregation in the armed forces, it helps to create skepticism about both the war and the peace and impairs the fighting strength of our people.

Artist as Soldier

THE solidarity of American artists with the liberty-loving peoples of the world is demonstrated once again. The members of the newly organized Artists League of America have issued a call for a national conference of artists to work out an economic, cultural, and anti-fascist program for artists in the war. The meeting is to be held June 13, 14, and 15 in New York City.

The League's call is particularly moving because it comes from a group of cultural workers who, though beset by urgent economic needs, have not permitted these to lessen their sense of political responsibility. They recognize that the defeat of fascism is the first duty of every intellectual, and ask only that they be given adequate opportunity to lend their skill and talent to the struggle.

Rather than fear that their creative powers will be diminished in wartime, the artists feel that the war has presented them with entirely new esthetic problems to conquer. "Need creative work," they ask, "motivated by the stormy passions or the tumultuous ideas of this people's war give rise to an art of lesser dimensions than that of the landscape, the still life, or the abstraction?"

It is this sense of historical perspective and of the vast human meaning of culture which makes the artists' call so significant. It reaffirms the values which they have acquired in their recent years of anti-fascist struggle.

Lewis' Fancy Reasoning

IT REQUIRED no miner's lamp to see through John L. Lewis' fancy reasons for removing Philip Murray from his post as vice-president of the United Mine Workers. The appeaser labor leader conjured up some curious "constitutional grounds" for his action, something to the effect that Mr. Murray was "holding down two salaried jobs." But the reality is this: the head of the CIO wants the war prosecuted to victory and Mr. Lewis has other ideas.

The shameful transparency of the whole business is seen in the fact that John O'Leary, appointed by Lewis to replace Murray, is himself holding down two jobs: one with the UMW at $6,000 a year and the other with Labor's Non-Partisan League, paying $4,000. Observers commented that Lewis himself had been head of the CIO and LNPL as well as of the UMW for five years. And it would have made no difference if Mr. Murray pleaded that he would have served without pay: Lewis was determined to get Murray out, and his hand-picked lieutenants went through the motion of voting.

The episode did not close with Lewis' grandiose wave of the hand. As Murray points out: "The matter will undoubtedly be reviewed by the dues-paying members of the organization." The CIO chief has twenty-five years of splendid service as vice-president of the miners; his record, since he was a boy in the western Pennsylvania coalfields, is known to the rank and file, and they will have the last word.

The issue is patently that of successfully prosecuting the war against the Axis; and the coal miners have a record of patriotism and abhorrence of fascism that will not vanish at the organ-roll of John L. Lewis' dissent. Dictators—abroad and at home—are on their way out: the miners will ultimately teach Mr. Lewis that lesson.

The Battle of Rubber

WHEN a military or naval battle is lost because of negligence, incompetence, and divided command, the action that follows is generally swift and drastic. That was the story of Pearl Harbor. The United States right now is losing the battle of rubber. In fact, this battle—a major engagement on which a great deal depends—has been one continuous Pearl Harbor, lasting many months. Yet no thorough-going measures to remedy the situation have been taken, no shakeup in command has been made. Instead the public has been treated to a catch-as-catch-can debate as to who is to blame for the present mess and what is the best way of making synthetic rubber.

The Senate's Truman committee investigating the war program last week issued a report which comes closest to providing an over-all analysis of the problem. "From the start," the committee finds, "our rubber program suffered because it was administered by too many people. . . . Lack of unified responsibility resulted in a failure to institute an integrated program." Business-as-usual in the person of Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones, who was placed in charge of the rubber program, and monopoly-as-usual in the corporate person of the Standard Oil Com-

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pany of New Jersey, don't fare too well in the Truman report.

Denials of Standard Oil officials to the contrary, the Truman committee finds that by its liaison with the German chemical trust, I.G. Farben, Standard "did hamper the development of synthetic rubber in the United States and did place itself in a position where its officials, although personally patriotic men, engaged in activities helpful to the Axis nations and harmful to the United States."

The immediate problem is not to "get" Standard Oil or to launch a crusade against monopoly—in this war emergency "trust-busting" and labor-busting are both out of place—but to produce as much synthetic rubber, conserve as much existing rubber, and reclaim as much used and scrap rubber as possible as rapidly as possible. We need a rounded program and we need men who can be relied on to plan and to execute it. The Truman committee points out that there is no assurance that the present synthetic rubber program "is the best program, nor is there even complete assurance that it is workable." In fact, a hot feud exists between the advocates of producing synthetic rubber from oil and those who say it can be done more efficiently from alcohol made from grain and other food products. A reorganization job by President Roosevelt seems to us in order.

Home Guard for U-Boats

IT'S not easy for people who live far inland from the country's shores to realize what's been happening in our coastal waters. But it may help to reflect a moment on the fact that some 236 merchant ships and tankers have been sunk in the north Atlantic, and the Caribbean since Pearl Harbor. Those are the Navy's figures: they represent a vast loss of valuable cargo and crucially needed shipping space. They represent an inconceivably tragic loss of more than 1,000 seamen, most of them union members.

But actually these figures mean more. They mean that the country is being invaded, a subtle kind of invasion that "landlubbers" don't appreciate as keenly as though enemy tanks were moving down our highways, but an invasion nonetheless. For the waters surrounding the country are just as vital to us as our land highways. And to date, enemy U-boats have made these waters unsafe for our own and friendly shipping.

A number of things can and are being done about it. The "dim-out" of our coastal cities, for example. On this score, apparently, the military authorities are not yet satisfied with the cooperation they've been getting from citizens, at least in the New York area. Another thing is the more effective arming of merchant vessels, and the training of all sea-

The Second Front—When?

THE issue of the second front is coming to a climax. The newspapers are brimming with discussion about it. The demand from the public at large, and especially the labor movement, is growing. Chief of Staff George C. Marshall topped it off last week with a phrase in his address at West Point that our troops would "land in France."

Then there were the bombardments of Cologne and Essen, a fierce, bitter achievement, a tribute to the RAF, and it must be causing dismay among the Nazis. It raises hopes that there will soon follow the next logical step, the land offensive.

For, it would be unfortunate if the bombing achievement gave rise to the notion that airplanes alone can win the war. As Milton Wolff points out on page 19, the idea of planes as a substitute for men is fallacious if only that it does not take the peoples of the conquered countries into consideration.

And last week the world also got a glimpse, from Czechoslovakia, of the unbelievable, epic heights to which the unconquered peoples of the conquered countries are rising. The world got a glimpse not only of the Nazi savagery in reprisal for the shooting of Hitler's butcher and hangman, the beast of a Heydrich, but also the sacrifices which the European peoples are making to speed the moment of liberation.

The Heydrich affair has a deeper significance. Czechoslovakia was never conquered, it was betrayed. The Nazis originally made a big show of "protecting" the Czechs, and tried to conceal their domination, as in France, under the guise of "collaboration." That did not work. Last September Heydrich came to accomplish by force what couldn't be done by deception. All last fall the Czechs lived under a heavy reign of terror. Last week the Nazis evidently tried to enroll all Czech citizens, not only for industrial service in Germany, but for fighting in the East. The people replied. The fact that they did so with full knowledge of the heavy price to be paid, is symbolic of the new stage of the people's resistance in Europe. All of which means that some way must be found to give arms to our allies in Europe, and the first step toward that is to raise the banners of liberation on the Atlantic coastline.

Fortunately the signs are that the second front is being prepared. The visit of Col. Brehon Somervell, our supply chief, to London, plus that of our air chief, Gen. H. H. Arnold, is heartening. So is the visit of the British supply chief, Capt. Oliver Lyttleton, in Washington. And Somervell's statement that enough supplies are *already* in Britain to support American "second front" contingents bears out the contention of our special issue, for May 26, that supplies can no longer be considered a barrier to action. Incidentally, Frank Kluckhohn, in the New York *Times* for May 27 explodes another myth when he writes: "There are also strong grounds for believing that sufficient shipping is available to make this (the second front) possible much sooner than has widely been believed possible."

So the remaining question is "when"? The answer must be: soon, now.

The notion that a second front should be delayed until the moment when the Russians are cracking or the Russians are having surprising successes—the formula a number of journalists expressed last week, strikes us as extremely risky. There is too much of narrow, calculating thinking in it: not enough of the spirit of coalition. Every citizen of the United Nations has learned in the past terrible year that the alliance of the democratic peoples is a priceless gain. Our own destiny as a nation depends on the strength of this alliance; it must never be risked by selfish calculation.

Nor are we impressed by the nonsense that continues to crop up here and there, alleging that a second front is contingent on the United States and Great Britain having more observers on the Russian front. There is no evidence that the USSR's understandable discretion hampers the war effort: in fact, Edward Stettinius, Jr., in reporting on lend-lease last week declared that lend-lease was working both ways, and that the Soviets have sent us specialists in the manufacture of certain kinds of explosives. We have our military mission in Moscow; the Russians have theirs in Washington, apart from the usual diplomatic relations. The need for a second front doesn't rest on such matters as more information—which is not to deny at all the need for closer collaboration among the general staffs of the United Nations. The need for a second front rests on the basic premise of a war of coalition, namely that every member dovetail his efforts with those of his allies. It rests on the fact that our interest as a nation depends on meeting the great dangers of this year by seizing its vast opportunities.

The British have done well in repulsing the Nazi thrust in Libya; they have struck hard in Cologne and Essen. The difference in the two actions is important. In Libya the Nazis were trying another of their periodic diversions; in the new air raids the British took the initiative, and imposed their power and their conditions on the enemy. Initiative—forcing the enemy to fight under conditions we choose—that is already possible. And it is overdue.

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men in the use of arms, something we believe the National Maritime Union has been demanding. A third is, of course, a more effective naval patrol, with more planes to spot and sink the U-boats.

But Walter Lippmann thinks these measures are inadequate, and is campaigning in his syndicated columns for greater frankness from Washington on this score. Lippmann proposes that every sea-going vessel, no matter how small, be enlisted in a great campaign to go out in our coastal waters and make life miserable for the U-boats. He proposes a sort of Home Guard on the seas; he suggests that thousands of our citizens who live on the coasts and own boats of every description could be aroused, and with proper arms and official direction, could make the Navy's job easier.

After all, he says, our Navy was meant for fighting on the high seas; the job of patrolling our waters ought to involve the people on the coasts, as it has with great success in England. Building ships is all very well, and we are doing that now at the rate of two a day. But it's like the farmer who finds that rats are eating the corn, says Lippmann, and proposes only to produce more corn.

The U-boat menace is more serious, and is doing more vital damage than most people realize. It seems to us that Lippmann's proposal ought to be considered.

Death of a Great Actor

WHEN John Barrymore died in California the other day, there perished with him the theatrical tradition known as "the grand manner." He was, practically speaking, the last representative of the star system that sacrificed the true values of art to the exploitation of the personality. Other times, other manners.

Remembering what became of Barrymore during the last years of his life, we are likely to forget that the man bore the seeds of greatness in his art. Yet in their stunted growth, these seeds threw off some remarkable shoots —his early motion picture *The Man from Blankley's,* his *Richard III,* and his memorable *Hamlet.* This last, shown to the public almost twenty years ago, was his greatest achievement. Though far from perfect, it was highly intelligent, highly picturesque, frequently dramatic in the truly Shakespearian sense of the word.

There were at least two forces operating on the man that prevented him from achieving the stature he might have reached. One was the adulation that was the direct consequence of his great personal charm, adulation which he was unable to accept in an objective fashion. The other was the corruption of the milieu in which he operated. The two resulted in a stultification of his great abilities

—in the substitution of exhibitionism for accomplishment.

Remembering Barrymore, we must remember not what he became but what he might have been. We must remember his *Hamlet;* not his Caliban. We must look to a future that will permit the flowering of individual genius; not to a past that guaranteed its corruption in the name of Box Office.

Manpower Planning

WITH the rapid growth of war production the problem of industrial manpower is becoming increasingly acute. There is no general shortage of labor, but there are serious disproportions: unemployment in many civilian industries—it is estimated that in New York City alone about 100,000 will be out of jobs—side by side with a lack of skilled workers in many branches of war production, as well as an inadequate supply of agricultural labor.

The problems involved in breaking the manpower bottleneck are so complex and affect so large a part of our population that it is important that they be approached with a minimum of improvisation and a maximum of careful planning. Unfortunately the first important steps taken by the newly created War Manpower Commission seem to have neglected this elementary consideration. First, came an announcement last week by an anonymous spokesman that workers in essential war industries will be frozen to their present jobs and that the United States Employment Service will be "the sole hiring agency for critical skills in critical areas." Is it official? Has a complete program been worked out? When does it start? The answers to these questions become exceedingly vague when one reads in the New York *Herald Tribune* of May 28: "A commission spokesman said that the WMC urged Paul V. McNutt, chairman, to adopt the program at a conference today, but that it will not be considered formally until the commission's next meeting."

This was followed the next day by a statement issued in the name of Mr. McNutt that "work or fight" would be the policy followed by the War Manpower Commission in regard to workers who refuse "to accept suitable employment in a war industry without reasonable cause." But the following day, when protests began to come in from labor unions, it turned out that the "work or fight" order was a bit premature. The labor members of the WMC policy committee had not been consulted and no "directive" implementing the order had been prepared.

These false starts don't help the war effort. Freezing workers in critical industries may be necessary, but it should be undertaken as part of a rounded program that contains proper safeguards. On the very day that the "freezing" proposal was announced, Dean Wayne L. Morse, public member of the War Labor Board, pointed out that "if the government agencies are going to take the position that these men should not move from low-paid to high-paid jobs, we ought to see that wages are somewhat equalized." That too is an essential of manpower mobilization. Among other essentials are the ending of all discrimination against Negro and foreign-born workers, the full utilization of potential women workers (this will require the extension of social services to care for dependent children), and the extension of retraining programs for the unemployed and the unskilled or semi-skilled.

Women in the Army

SCENES resembling those after Pearl Harbor occurred at the recruiting stations last week, but this time the volunteers were women. Some ten thousand sought to enlist in the newly formed Women's Army Auxiliary Corp for training to take over various army functions that will relieve men for outright military duty. They will serve in office work, at the telephone, in army communications, and in air raid defense. Like their sisters in Britain and Soviet Russia, they too want to pitch in for a better world. It is a logical development since they went into industry to help men go into the army.

Only the adherents of kinder, kirche, kueche, Hitler's code for womankind, will cavil at this latest advance. But cavil they must: Joseph Patterson, ober-lieutenant of the *Daily News,* has brought his defeatist journal into play. He struck out at the ruling that women in the WAAC may not have babies while in service. This, he feared, is a threat to our birth-rate. Woman's job, he made sufficiently clear—and we know where we heard that argument before—is "bearing children for our next war."

In brief, he sought to demobilize the women from full participation in the war, just as he seeks to demobilize the entire war effort. It is typical of the appeaser that everything he touches seems to be left with a mark resembling the hooked cross.

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POET'S VISION

Breaking with the "Waste Land" tradition, poetry reasserts its dynamic role in society. Samuel Putnam discusses Genevieve Taggard's new collection of verse, "Long View."

IN HIS fine and stimulating book, *Illusion and Reality,* the late Christopher Caudwell has defined a poem as "a world of more important reality not yet realized, whose realization demands the very poetry which fantastically anticipates it." Poetry, he goes on to say, "exhibits a reality beyond the reality it brings to birth . . . it expresses a whole new world of truth—its emotion, its comradeship, its sweat, its long-drawn-out wait and happy consummation." And he concludes: "Not poetry's abstract statement—its content of facts, but its dynamic rôle in society —its content of collective emotion, is therefore poetry's *truth.*"

It is significant that Genevieve Taggard, in the notes at the end of her latest volume of poems, *Long View* (Harper and Bros., $2) should cite the passage of Caudwell from which these extracts are taken. A poet, the true poet, knows his own reflection in a mirror and Caudwell's words might serve as a gloss on Miss Taggard's work. "Song," say the author of *Long View,* "is collective. (Poetry should be.)" It is, however, under the aspect of a "reality not yet realized" that the most rewarding approach may be made to Genevieve Taggard's poetry.

Caudwell's statement and the poems in this volume which are by way of being an exemplification of that statement, bring into sharp focus the problem that is basic to all poetry, and one which, in the years that have followed the last war, has taken on a heightened and even a passionate intensity. All poets worthy of the name, all those who have not been content with the simple psalmody of a Longfellow or the running-brook cheerfulness of a Tennyson, have been preoccupied ever with this thing that men call the real, the real of every day, and the glaring disparity between this quotidian reality and that higher, that "super" reality which they know, or would know, in what they are pleased to call their dreams.

Marx and Engels once described the nineteenth century as "the century hostile to poetry." It is in any event certain that, from the mid-nineteenth century on, poets sought more and more to escape from an ugly environment through the creation of a more-than-real or better-than-real world of their own. This is the meaning which must be seen in the efforts of the Romantic-Bohemians, the Parnassians, the Symbolists, the Imagists, and all the others. Mallarme and his followers strove to do it through transpositions and neo-Baudelairean "correspondences," the Imagists (more belated than they realized) by turning a poem into a Monet haystack.

It was with the first world war, on the morrow of the great holocaust, that a decisive break occurred, one of those sudden changes, of an earthquake-like intensity, such as are known in the realm of nature and of society, and which represent the nodal point of a long preceding process of evolutionary change. This break came with the movement known as Dada, born of postwar disillusionment. From the start Dada was *anti-poetic,* just as it was anti-literature, anti-music, anti-painting, anti—everything "bourgeois." In brief, these sons of the French bourgeoisie were out to slay the "reality" of their fathers who had made the war and the afterwar world; and in the excess of their reaction they would do away with the whole of human culture that had gone before and replace it with the syllabic stammerings of untutored man.

Dada produced a laugh, was meant to produce a laugh; but as this reviewer has said before, it was at the same time a tragic phenomenon. Whatever the dubious fruits of Dada, it has left its indelible brand on the poetry of the past quarter-century. The best poetry, the poetry that deserves to be called modern, from the *Waste Land* to the present day, has been, deep in its essence, anti-poetic, in its austere refusal to embellish with esthetic-isms the unesthetic reality that they knew.

But poets could not in the nature of things stop here, with a mere negation however striking and forceful. There is that in their time-honored calling as *seers* which is repellent to this: they cannot be no-sayers forever; they must find egress somewhere, somehow. Like T. S. Eliot, from a Mrs. Porter washing her feet in soda water they may go on to end with the writing of Sunday school cantatas, or something at not a far remove from that. In other words, seeing no way out of the desert, they may end by climbing a cactus tree. In any case they must make an effort to recapture, somewhere along the line, their dream, that dream which has lain always at the heart of their task, conferring upon them their "dynamic rôle in society."

Genevieve Taggard

It is worth noting that Dada was short-lived. Almost immediately out of the negation of Dada there began evolving the attempted affirmation of the surrealists. In their revolt against the good burgher's humdrum and unlovely reality, the surrealists endeavored to erect an esthetic wholly founded on the dream and the dream-state, and they extended the dream to include the further-most reaches of paranoia. Better be mad than be bourgeois, might have been their motto. Meantime they sought to keep an anchorage in the world of sanity through talk of a "surrealist revolution," a "revolution in consciousness," etc., which they for a while strove to associate with social revolution.

The sorry outcome of it all is too well known for repetition. Andre Breton, the leader of the movement, pronounced the epitaph of surrealist poetry, when he said: "The life of the Paris Commune has left art where it was so far as its own problems are concerned; since the Commune, as before it, the great themes of poet and artist have continued to be the succession of the seasons, nature, woman, love, the dream, life, and death." In other words, the old "eternal verities" which any conventional poet would accept. If we look at the one first-rate poet whom the Surrealists may claim, rightly or wrongly, as their own, Paul Eluard, we see this illustrated perfectly. Eluard is one of the best love poets of modern times, but no one would call him a revolutionary. And Breton fitly sealed his renunciation, surrealism's abdication, last dying gasp of Dada, by affiliating with Trotskyism.

But still there remains the modern poet's task, which is: *to make the anti-poetic poetic.* It seemed for a time, in the 1930's, as if this was being accomplished, as if it might be accomplished, by the New Country poets in England, young poets infused with a fresh

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life-giving proletarian sap and fired by the blinding vision of loyalist Spain. They could not hold the vision, however, and most of them have now become very old-country indeed, appear to be casting about for the nearest cactus. They none the less represented an important advance over their surrealist and Waste Land forerunners, in that they had begun to lay hold of the true nature of the poet's dream today, that realizable surreality which is a reality over one-sixth of the earth. They had glimpsed something of "its emotion, its comradeship, its sweat, its long-drawn-out wait and happy consummation," they could not see it through.

WHAT gives Genevieve Taggard her unquestionably distinctive place among contemporary poets is the fact that she has succeeded as few others have done in capturing, and welding into the hard, firm body of her work, this supra-real *in process of becoming the real.* This means that her poet's vision is a dynamic and not a static one, being forged out of day-to-day contact with an ever-changing reality.

Thought, fact-hard, non-static, hazardous and iron-strange
Glows, is forged again and again in daily clang upon an anvil.

In these two lines she has given us a definition of her heart. This is the way in which the dream is wrought. The dream that Lenin dreamed and loved.

Let us dream (says Lenin), *but on condition that we take our dream seriously, that we observe real life attentively and confront our observations with our dream, and that we see to it, scrupulously, that our dream is made reality.* (Quoted by Romain Rolland, in *Compagnons de Route.*)

The dream, that is to say, must be "fact-hard"; but it need lose nothing of its characteristic dream-like quality; it remains "hazardous and iron-strange"—iron-strange, and glowing. In the hands of a capable poet like Miss Taggard, indeed, where the transmutation is instantaneous-seeming and effective, it takes on a new strangeness that is stranger than strange, as in her remarkable poem, "First." Here we have an eerie mingling of the motive of social change with the changing changelessness of nature, that creates an atmosphere, a "climate," all its own. In this particular poem you have it in distillation, so to speak, but it more or less pervades her work as a whole, just as a sense of a metaphysical wrestling with nature, or in the terms of nature, does that of Emily Dickinson. Had Emily Dickinson lived today instead of in the Gilded Age, it is not inconceivable that she would have forsaken her battles with religion and her inner and outer solitude for something which—she might have found—at once satisfied her need for a "whole new world of truth" and brought her close to her fellow men. In which case it is possible, even likely, that she would not have written as she did; she might have written somewhat as Genevieve Taggard writes today.

The wind walks
bringing change.

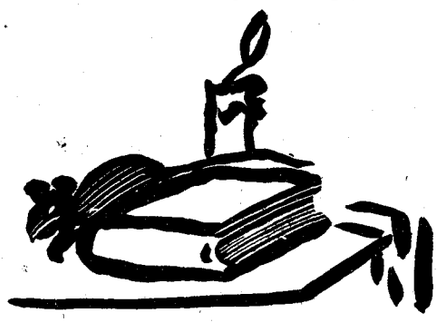
With the poem "First" it is interesting to compare "In the Shell Hole of the World." Here the eerie quality fades; there is no more twilight, but bright and ringing day, bright with the anvil's clang. Here is the New Country being forged in the vast constructive anguish of this hour:

Who knows? In another country
They learned the time, and how to tell it.
It sounds fanatic I know
But they learned how to make it, too.
They learned how to make morning, in a manner of speaking;
They made morning while they sat in darkness;
Or you might say, they worked in darkness, morning came, and they were ready.
How can we learn? Are you sure?
Come with me. Come with me.
(Are you sure? Are you ready?)

For the dream has to be hammered, hammered out; and Miss Taggard devotes one section of her book to what might be called techniques for morning-making. These are essentially social poems, ranging in theme from the migratory worker, starvation in America, and the alien in our midst to Spain and the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. A separate and resplendent section is devoted "To the Negro People"; no reader can afford to miss the poem on Marian Anderson, "Proud Day," or the "Chant for the Great Negro Poet of America Not Yet Born." The volume also contains two of Miss Taggard's well known texts for music, "Prologue" and "This Is Our Time," accompanied by a set of provocative "Notes on Writing Words for Music." These pieces like the others are filled with intimations of "The expanding dawn, The enduring Light."

In conclusion it may be said that Miss Taggard combines in a peculiarly feminine way (employing the adjective with no lingering hint of male chauvinism) the delicate-keyed intensity of an Emily Dickinson with the expansiveness of a Walt Whitman. With her it is at once "Long View" and "circumference" and this it is that makes of her a unique figure among the most significant of our present-day poets.

SAMUEL PUTNAM.



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Work in the USSR

WORK UNDER CAPITALISM AND SOCIALISM, *by A. Leontyev. International Publishers. 75c.*

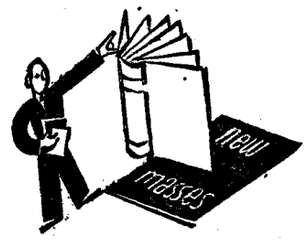
ALTHOUGH this brochure by a well known Soviet economist was written in the spring of 1941, before the Nazi attack upon the Soviet Union, it will particularly interest today American readers who will want to know how Soviet labor was prepared long in advance of the war emergency and was fully mobilized when the attack came.

Leontyev describes work as the fundamental condition for human existence. By working, man takes command of the vital forces of nature. His labor builds up and transforms the world around him. In a certain sense work also created man, for it is the mighty creative power of work which transforms man from a being entirely dependent upon the whims of nature into a controller and ruler of nature itself. If in social systems based upon exploitation of one class by another, work becomes deadening drudgery, it is not because it is inherently degrading but because the fruits of labor are appropriated by an exploiting class.

From the very outset, in the Soviet socialist state, work was regarded as a creative human achievement. Highest social honors were acorded in recognition of outstanding labor performance. Labor now becomes a matter of "honor and glory," for man now works for himself, for the commonwealth of free people, and for his country. Now each individual has full scope for the development of his talent and abilities. His initiative becomes part of the creative power of the masses.

The section of the book dealing with the preparation of labor reserves provides instructive lessons regarding the organized recruitment of labor for industry and the training of young workers for skilled and semi-skilled trades, which is a problem for our own country at present. A decree on "State Labor Reserves in the USSR" issued by the Supreme Soviet of the USSR on Oct. 2, 1940, provides for the enrollment of nearly a million young people every year to be sent to special trade, craft, and railway schools to be trained as metal workers, chemical workers, transport workers, and at other trades and crafts. Training is entirely free. Board, lodging, clothing are provided by the state. The courses are from six months to two years in length depending upon the trade or craft studied. These schools were to supply industry and transport with over 1,000,000 new workers every year. The effectiveness of this plan can be seen by the fact that in June 1941, 250,000 of these workers entered industry and transport.

It is now clear that the industrialization of the Soviet Union, the collectivization of agriculture, the increased productivity of labor, and the transformation of the country to a modern industrial economy, were essential measures not only for the advance of the country economically, but also for the successful defense of the country against its external enemies. A weak Russia was easy prey



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for all comers; a powerful Soviet country becomes a bulwark in humanity's struggle for democracy. Leontyev indicates the insistent emphasis by Lenin and Stalin that work, in creased labor productivity, and socialism are inseparable. Moreover, this was not achieved spontaneously. It required at times superhuman effort and sacrifice, vision, foresight, and planning in every step of the process.

ED SMITH.

Elaborate Sensibility

THE GATES OF AULIS, *by Gladys Schmitt. Dial Press. $2.75.*

MISS Schmitt's novel, which has won the Dial Award, has for its hero and heroine a brother and sister who are weak-willed, egocentric introverts, passive instruments dedicated to sensitive suffering. Their sufferings, and their hypnotized, trance-like efforts to achieve some contact with reality, are described, suggested, evoked—and never made real—in an extraordinarily careful prose. This prose the author has worked at until it has become an over-elaborate, over-stylized, and tiresome instrument.

The hero, who tags around after a fascist professor under the delusion that he is a Marxist, conceives of political action in terms of immolation, absolution, dedication, mysteries, sacrifices, and "a higher, blacker altar." His major trouble, we discover towards the end of the 650 pages, is that he has had since childhood a physical aversion to touching people. He gets over it by touching his sister. The sister, a painter, believes on the contrary that you really *have* to touch people, but you must never consider people as groups or classes—just people. She feels that she should have been "born earlier in the red-and-ivory years of Renoir . . . the armies were not yet ready to march and the eyelids of the proletariat had only begun to tremble against the blinding light of their destinies." The brother, however, is all in favor of the eyelids of the proletariat, but just doesn't like people very much.

The main characters are devoted to sensibility and reminiscence; and their shadowy quality is not strengthened by long soliloquies and introspection wrapped in decorative and monotonous cadences.

ELIZABETH WILSON.

Hemisphere Spotlight

THE NAZI UNDERGROUND IN SOUTH AMERICA, *by Hugo Fernandez Artucio. Farrar & Rinehart. $3.*

MR. ARTUCIO has done a useful service in exposing the Axis penetration of South America. All the familiar apparatus of fifth column tactics is here: the Nazi *Auslandorganization* and its partner, the German Foreign Office; the subsidies to newspapers and politicians; the local branches of fascist organizations, the fascist-controlled

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banking and commercial houses, the Axis-dominated news, radio, and film agencies. The documentation is perhaps inevitably uneven. The treatment of Nazi penetration in Uruguay, which Mr. Artucio himself has done so much to uncover, is excellent. He is on less sure ground in dealing with Brazil. And the sections on Peru and Ecuador occasionally reveal shallowness and gullibility.

Another difficulty lies in the way Mr. Artucio tends to identify the Nazi movement with the German people. A casual reader might easily conclude that totalitarian conquest of Latin America has been since the 1820's a dominating motive with "the Germans." Too little attention is devoted to the Spanish Falange and its deceptive "Hispanidad" campaign, which under present conditions form a major threat to Latin American democracy. The author's interpretation of domestic politics is frequently unbalanced and at times desperately muddled. His account of the Popular Front in Chile is, if not actually disruptive, an epic example of confusion; and his notion that the German-Soviet pact was signed in 1938 does not increase one's confidence in his superficial judgment of the pact.

Mr. Artucio's gravest error is his tendency to rely for effective action largely on the educated classes and to underemphasize the importance of the people, particularly the forces of organized labor. But as one of the best, up-to-date documentations of the Nazi menace to the south of us, this is not a book to be ignored.

V. V. Perez.

Limited Inventory

AN APPRAISAL OF THE NEGRO IN COLONIAL SOUTH CAROLINA, *by Frank J. Klingberg. Associated Publishers, Washington. $2.*

This book's title is misleading and its contents are on the whole disappointing. The work is an appraisal of the activities of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts in colonial South Carolina, particularly as these concerned the Negro. While some data of interest, like an early anti-slavery sermon, or a contemporary account of slave disorders, do appear from Prof. Klingberg's examination of the Society's voluminous documents, it is, nevertheless, a fact that the missionary association had slight success among South Carolina slaves. Its efforts were almost always of a formal nature carefully confined to the framework of the social edifice, and its reports of these efforts are in the nature of inventories rather than narratives.

Occasionally the writer ventures beyond an annalistic chronicle and advances into the realm of interpretive historiography. But here his vision is restricted to and distorted by the work of the late Ulrich B. Phillips, which is accepted uncritically, though its inadequacies, especially as concerns the Negro, have been abundantly demonstrated in the

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last five or six years. It is disheartening to see Phillipsian fallacies accepted and repeated in a work dedicated to Dr. Carter G. Woodson, and bearing the imprint of his publishing house—which has done more than any other agency to discover and refute those very fallacies!

HERBERT APTHEKER.

Two Living Dramas

LIFE AND DEATH OF AN AMERICAN, *by George Sklar;* THE DESTROYERS, *by A. Fleming MacLiesh. John Day (The Living Drama Series), $2 each.*

The John Day Co. has initiated a worthwhile project under the editorship of William Kozlenko—*The Living Drama Series*—to bring to public attention many fine plays, some of which have neither been produced nor previously published.

Of the two plays so far published, George Sklar's *Life and Death of an American* is the more notable. It will be remembered as the last play produced by the Federal Theater —but more for its own distinct merits. In a loose form that more nearly approximates the Living Newspaper style than any other theatrical pattern, Mr. Sklar wrote a vivid pastiche of the life of an average American worker, Jerry Dorgan. The play has been somewhat modified to bring it up to date, but the original impact is all there—the sense of the vitality of the people and their essential strength; the condemnation of human wastage in a world that needs its human wealth as never before.

Mr. A. Fleming MacLiesh's poetic drama, *The Destroyers,* is set in the period of the Arthurian legend, with curiously anachronistic modernism interspersed throughout. The poet is a fine craftsman, but only a fair dramatist. In the struggle between Arthur and Medrawt he has attempted to draw a parallel with our modern times, but the "philosophy" of the whole is strangely unresolved, indistinct.

It is to be hoped that many more of the Federal Theater plays will be published in this fine series; we need them for the indisputable vitality they brought to our stage, but also for the record.

ALVAH BESSIE.

On Political Warfare

TOTAL VICTORY, *by Stephen King-Hall. Harcourt, Brace. $2.*

COMMANDER King-Hall's work is primarily a plea to his own government to consider the necessity for what he calls "Political Warfare," a program appealing to the people behind the enemy lines. Without it, he properly contends, there can be no "Total Victory." His warning that victory cannot be attained by relying upon a narrowly material superiority to be attained in 1943 or 1944, and a purely military edge thereafter, dates from mid-1941 when the book was published in England, but it is still timely.

Commander King-Hall's own contribution to a plan for political warfare is hardly notable. By choosing to ignore the Soviet Union, the author forces himself to do unnecessary pioneer work and winds up with a dangerously primitive formula. He proposes simply to inform the Germans that Britain will grant an armistice if they withdraw to the pre-Munich borders of Germany. Only this and nothing more.

Basing themselves on a fundamental distinction between the Hitlerites and the German people, the Russians have wrapped their propaganda around a core as simple as King-Hall's formula, and much more solid. They invite the German people to overthrow the Nazi regime and thereby not only end the hated war but liberate themselves from the oppression and humiliation they have endured for nine years. When the German people have destroyed Hitler and his clique, as they can and ultimately must do, cessation of hostilities will follow as a matter of course. Such an approach, rather than a discussion of the precise terms of the armistice, is what Commander King-Hall has missed.

CHARLES JACKSON.

Brief Reviews

ENJOYMENT OF SCIENCE, *by Jonathan Norton Leonard. Doubleday. $2.50.*

Mr. Leonard, author of a Steinmetz biography and many good science books, apparently has tried to imitate Mortimer J. Adler's *How to Read a Book,* in the field of science. Otherwise it is difficult to explain this book which does so little to advance the cause of science reading. The real contribution is the excellent bibliographical material attached to each chapter.

AGENT IN ITALY, *by S. K. Doubleday Doran. $3.*

About one-third of this book is unverifiable gossip garnered in "high circles" of the fascist regime. Another third reveals just what Mussolini said to Franco, what Hitler said to Goebbels, what the Pope said to von Ribbentrop; these reports give forth that hollow, tinny sound characteristic of startling disclosures from "authoritative sources." The author seldom displays the sort of common sense, discrimination, or political intelligence which might elicit belief in his allegations. The more solid parts of the book might have been compiled with less trouble on the banks of the Wabash by anyone capable of using the New York *Times* index and the World Almanac.

Certain positive factors in the present Italian situation emerge from the chitchat and intrigue: the Italian people detest the repression and corruption of fascism, they are fed up with the war, and they resent the increasingly open infiltration and control of the Nazis. These facts are quite generally known outside Italy, and they lose much of their significance when accompanied by imitation-Oppenheim melodrama.

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CLAUDIA'S SORRY RETURN

In which a reviewer asks a Broadway producer about the kind of plays people want to see—even at low prices. . . . Revelation still to come.

THE Rose Franken play *Claudia,* with its original cast, has returned to the St. James Theater at popular prices. According to the producer, John Golden, who spoke to the audience on opening night, there is no reason for the perplexity of some reviewers over the fact that at such prices Mr. Golden cannot hope to make much profit, if any. Mr. Golden's purpose is simple. He wants, he says, to bring the theater to the people. As a producer, he wants to contribute to that "extension of democracy" which is crucial in the nature and the effort of this war. He wants to put into practice now, while the war is on, those principles named by Vice-President Wallace in his speech of May 8 as imperatives of the peace. With this intention, as expressed, there can be no quarrel. The people certainly want the theater. The question is, do they want plays like *Claudia?*

Obviously a jammed house on opening night did. And so did the sturdy audiences who kept it going through the many months of its full-price run. Mr. Golden "had" something there. But what, exactly, did he have?

Claudia is a play about a girl with a "mother image." After a year of marriage she is still mother's baby. She is a fundamentally good baby. And mummy, husband, and an oh-so-decent villain are more endeared than irritated by her naivete, her tries for sophistication, and her downright dopiness. These go on for two acts. In the third act the facts of life, more particularly of death, collide with her head on. The baby grows up, as we had every idea from the beginning that she would. With practically no unsteadiness at all and only a few tears, she faces herself and the grown-up world, chin leading.

Now the growth from childhood to adulthood is no small process. Its problems are real, complex, and extensive. With thousands of persons they extend far beyond the age at which we find Claudia so happily adjusted. The genuine tragedy and comedy that can be found in the growing up process are rich material for a play. With these Miss Franken gives not the flimsiest proof of being concerned.

Claudia is cheaply planned and cheaply written. Had Miss Franken wanted to do justice to her theme and failed, we could have put it down to lack of talent or technique or to any of a number of factors and let it go. But Miss Franken failed to do anything at all with her theme for the reason that she never intended to. *Claudia* is written out of the same purpose and with the same kind of equipment as a successful piece of advertising copy. In her field, Miss Franken is a shrewd writer and for her purpose a competent one. Claudia may lack sophistication, but her author does not.

She knows, for example, that the helpless and not very bright woman (provided, preferably, that she is also cute-looking) is still one of the patterns that parts of our society would like to perpetuate. She knows also that nearly everybody in the world likes dogs and children. With increasing frequency, in plays of the last few seasons, little dogs and little children have run onto the stage and off again for no very clear reason. However dreary the play or depressed the audience, the response is invariable. There is an audible stirring, there are a few little gasps, and then a collective sound is heard. This sound is a composite of "Ah" and "Oh" and "Coo" or their approximates, and it means, "Little things and cute things and young things and helpless things warm the cockles of my heart."

No one would complain that the latter is in that nature of things. The complaint is that a play which is built with complacency and calculation around two such dependabilities and around nothing else should be the meal that Mr. Golden offers as his first in the much needed enterprise of bringing the theater to the people. Taste does not develop in a vacuum. To know good plays it is necessary to see good plays. The audience that likes

"Scraping Tiff." A painting by James Turnbull

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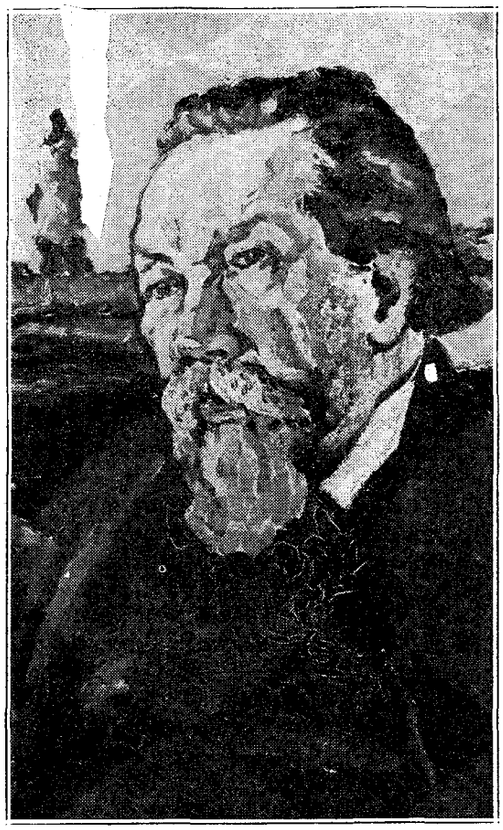

"Ippolitov Ivanov" and "Working for Young and Old." Paintings by Frank Horowitz

Claudia and the audience that does not, come out of two different worlds. To detect when you are being buffaloed, experience is indispensable. In justice to Mr. Golden and the play he is offering, it must be admitted that he had it around. But if he really wants to perform a service to people through the theater, he will bring them meat, not honey and water.

None of the performances succeeds in making up for the sickliness of *Claudia,* but it would be nice to see what Dorothy McGuire could do in something else. She has freshness and warmth and, even under the bold-faced direction, a degree of spontaneity. I am sure that it could not have been Miss McGuire's monotonous idea to give equal stress to nearly all two-syllable words normally accented on the first (*e.g.,* go-ing, com-ing), because when she sometimes forgets to do this she reads lines unaffectedly, with an intelligence that contrasts favorably with the role she has to play.

HELEN CLARE NELSON.

★

LOUIS VITTES, the young author of *Comes the Revelation,* deserves sympathy and a bit of a spanking. From the looks of the play he has produced, he started out to write a farce comedy about the alleged beginnings of Mormonism; got serious about the idea in the middle of the play; suddenly saw (in a mechanical fashion) the obvious analogy between the rise of a religious demagogue and and the rise of a modern fascist demagogue. And then attempted to equate the two.

The process may have been nothing like this and there is no telling what other influences were brought to bear on him in the course of production. But it is certain that the net result is a mess that has drowned out a demonstrable talent for the stage in favor of a two-dimensional charade for cardboard figures. In addition, the play cannot fail to offend believing Mormons.

The scene is New York state in 1827. The characters involve the worthless Flanders family; a sort of northern "poor white." Pop is the town drunkard; the other sons are petty thieves; the daughter, a giggling nitwit. Young Joe Flanders resents his family; wants to rise in the world. He gets the notion that he can become a preacher, having bought an apocryphal text for ten cents in a store. He begins to preach; and the accident of the town's idiot dying on the scene of his first sermon captures the imagination of the superstitious populace.

All through these first scenes we have liberal doses of sexuality, a la *Tobacco Road.* Now comes the revelation. Real estate speculators, learning of the growing fame of Joe Flanders, offer him a post as preacher in Ohio, if he will lead his congregation into the expanding West. Joe thinks it over. Joe, who is something of a lecher, has a revelation that since the ancient prophets had several wives, there can be no reason why he shouldn't have any woman he wants. His wife objects. She knows he's had no revelation.

But Joe's hold over the people grows; they support him out of their meager earnings, and he preaches the rejection of this world to the extent where the parishioners refuse to pay their taxes or debts. When Joe's wife, in a fit of anger, throws his apochryphal text into the fireplace, he has to stop translating the holy word from the gold plates he claims to have found on the mountainside.

You get the general idea. And the emphasis, throughout the play, despite the symbolic rebellion of Joe's wife, remains with the stated fact that the demagogue can continue to bamboozle the "blind fools," the population. "Not always," says Joe's wife; and she leaves him. But the parishioners follow him into the promised land.

The analogy is obvious; so obvious it creaks. The characters are so poorly explored as to be incredible. Yet Mr. Vittes has some talent for the theater; he can keep the stage lively; there is a certain amount of local color, and some fairly bright writing. But he will have to (1) make up his mind what he wants to say; (2) say it to the best of his ability; (3) allow no one to tamper with it in the interests of the box-office.

The talented Will Geer manages to create a living human being out of the rubber stamp of Joe's drunken father. As Joe himself, Wendell Corey looks and acts like a young Walter Huston; he is an honest performer, and an earnest one. Not much can be said for the rest of the cast or the direction of Herman Rotsten. The entire proceedings had the atmosphere of a circus. And you really didn't care what happened to Joe or any of his bewildered followers. The title itself (whether it was the responsibility of Mr. Vittes, or of someone else) is an index of the nature of the whole. It is banal, crude, catch-penny. So was the play.

ALVAH BESSIE.

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This One's a Dud

But last ten minutes of "Ships and Wings" are magnificent.

I WALKED into *Ships with Wings* shortly before the end, and for ten happy minutes thought I was seeing a great flying picture. When the beginning came round again, suffering taught me better. For three-quarters of its length this British film plays around with the story of the young man who gets booted out of the service in disgrace, only to redeem himself when the band begins to play. There is, moreover, a conservative admiral who just won't give an aircraft carrier a kind word, also until the band begins to play. Two strapping young actresses play the admiral's daughter and a torch singer, supplying love interest not without a certain horsey charm. All in all, a pallid dose of milk-and-water; and then, in the last ten minutes, the Ark Royal swings into action, and there is some of the most magnificent fighting ever recorded on the screen.

These aerial fighting sequences are obviously not real action shots; the photography is too showy, for one thing, and somewhat excessive use is made of miniature models of bombed territory. Nevertheless, the real Ark Royal and its planes were used to make the film, which, in consequence, has a smooth and grim efficiency. The bombers lift through the carrier's deck, pick up their load, and take off; a second flight follows, torpedo planes this time. Their load is a single great fish-shaped torpedo, slung beneath the plane, aimed by the plane's own course and released just above the water; falling into the sea, the torpedo continues in a straight line and detonates against the target. To fire one of these, a plane must dive perilously close to its objective, and *Ships with Wings* gets some of its finest scenes out of such dives. Then there are the wasp-like fighting planes whose encounters with a tremendous flight of Nazi craft supply still more excitement. The climax of the battle is the blowing up of a dam, releasing an irresistible torrent of flood waters to sweep away advancing Nazi tanks. The manner in which this is done might seem rather fantastic, had our own Air Force not recently done equally sensational things; as it is, the suicidal crashing of two locked planes into the dam compels belief.

The serious power of these sequences puts to shame our Hollywood films about the war, which have inclined to treat spies and bombings as if they were a vulgar joke. The conventional and spiritless hour which precedes the battle scenes, however, makes *Ships with Wings* just another tragic waste of fine material. The only other good thing in the film is Leslie Banks' sensitive performance in the trying role of the stiff admiral.

"Leo Hurwitz, Paul Strand, Paul Robeson, David Wolff and Marc Blitzstein have joined hands to produce one of the most exciting films of our time!" *Daily Worker.*

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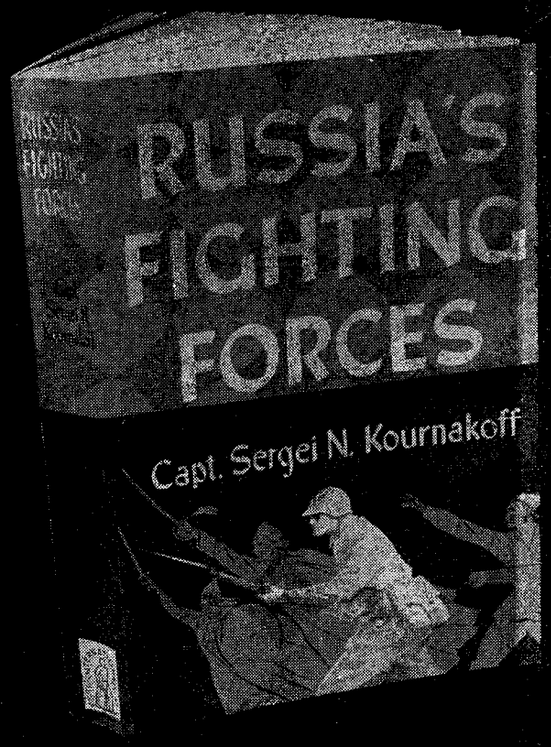

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